

The Minden Echo.

AND HALIBURTON RECORDER.

144316

VOL. VIII, No. 24.
TERMS \$1 PER. ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

MINDEN ONTARIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1892.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. R. CURRY,
Office in rear of Post Office,
MINDEN, ONT.

W. M. FIELDING,
CROWN LAND AGENT,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Conveyancer, etc.
Office on Water street, Minden, Ont.

JOSEPH LIVINGSTONE, Agent & Col-
lector for The Singer Manufacturing
Co., for County of Haliburton. Residence
and P. O. address, GELERT, ONTARIO.

H. B. DEAN, BARRISTER, SOLICIT-
OR, etc., Office, Bigelow's Block,
Kent St., Lindsay, over R. Smith's Dry
Goods Store. \$10,000 to loan at 6 per cent.

JOHN H. DELAMERE,
COUNTY CLERK PROV. CO. HALIBURTON.
Insurance Agent, Conveyancer, Valuator,
etc., etc. Licensed Auctioneer for the
County, Minden, Ont.

JOHN WILSON, auctioneer and valuator
for Victoria County, and dealer in second
hand furniture, old iron copper, &c., William
Street, Lindsay R. G. Height agent for
the County of Haliburton.

DENTISTRY. J. NEELANDS, L.D.S.,
M.R.C.D.S., Ont., Dentist, Lindsay.
Teeth extracted positively without pain.
Beautiful artificial teeth inserted at moderate
prices.

R. C. GARRATT, MINDEN,
BAILIFF FIRST DIVISION COURT,
Provisional County of Haliburton; County
Auctioneer; agent for all kinds of agricul-
tural implements. Accounts promptly col-
lected. Estates assigned to him will receive
proper attention. Orders left at Curry's
Drug Store will be promptly filled.

GEORGE BARRY, proprietor of the hotel
known as the Sluman House, has good
accommodation for the travelling public, and
has also good stabling with attentive hostler
always on hand. Bar well supplied with
choice liquors, cigars, &c.
G. Barry,
Proprietor.

IRONDALE HOTEL,
IRONDALE ONTARIO.
This hotel offers first class accommodation
to the travelling public. Camping parties
stopping at this house will be furnished with
dogs, canoes, &c. The best brands of liquors
and cigars always kept on hand.
S. E. HANCOCK, PROPRIETOR.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
HALIBURTON, ONT.
JOHN A. LUCAS, PROPRIETOR.
Offers first-class accommodation to travelers.
The Bar is supplied with the choicest
brands of Liquors and Cigars.
Good stabling and an attentive hostler al-
ways on hand.
Haliburton, August 1889.

MINDEN HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONT.
This favorite hotel has been recently re-
fitted and improved. It offers first-class ac-
commodation to the traveling public. Guests
patronizing the Minden Hotel, will find it a
comfortable home. The table is always well
supplied and attended to. The bar kept fur-
nished with all that is necessary and the
stabling will be found commodious and com-
fortable with a good hostler always on hand.
A first-class Commercial Room has also been
fitted up, making this one of the best equip-
ped in the county.
W. TERRY,
Minden, Jan. 5, 1891. Proprietor.

DOMINION HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel
wishes to inform his friends and acquaint-
ances and the public that since he has rented
this house he has made it both internally
and externally suitable to all those who may
favor him with a call. Good sample rooms,
large and commodious stabling and store
house. A well kept table. Meals to be had
at all hours. The bar well supplied with
wines, liquors, ales and cigars, of the best
quality.
JOSEPH PYM.
Huntmen stopping at this house will be
furnished with dogs, canoes and help. 30

Farm for Sale.

200 Acres, Township of Snowdon, being
Lots 10 and 11 in 6th Con.; about 50 acres
cleared, Lot 11 all hardwood. Terms easy,
apply to M. BROWN, Minden, or W. MC-
INTOSH, Newcastle.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 30, Con. A., Snowdon, three
miles from Gelert, Apply to
E. D. ORDE,
Lindsay,
Minden, Ontario, M. BROWN,
May 23, 1889. Minden.

D. L. Dowd's Health Exerciser
For Brain Workers & Sedentary People:

Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths
the Athlete or Invalid, A
complete gymnasium. Takes
up but 6 in. square floor-room;
new, scientific, durable, com-
prehensive, cheap. Indorsed
by 20,000 physicians, law-
yers, logyermen, editors & others now using
it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge.
Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vo-
cal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

The Minden Echo.

MINDEN, FRIDAY, FEB. 12, 1892.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Chas. S. Richards, of the ECHO
staff is at present absent in the interest
of a friend whom he is assisting through
a very trying ordeal.

Mr. John P. Dickson, who is taking a
course of study at the Peterboro Commer-
cial College visited Minden to take part
in the Parliamentary Election yesterday.

Mrs. Geo. Thompson Sr., of Stanhope
is reported in a very critical state of
health, she was taken suddenly ill only
a few days since, several members of her
family who are absent have been tele-
graphed for to come home.

Rev'd Chas. Perry of Toronto deliver-
ed an eloquent address in Gelert and Min-
den this week on Canada for the Canadi-
ans, he was listened to by large and ap-
preciative audiences. The Rev'd. Gentle-
man is expected to lecture here again
about the 18th March next, having ar-
ranged to speak at Fenelon Falls on the
17th of Ireland.

Mr. Bertie Gainer of Toronto, came all
the way from that City to Minden to give
his vote to Sam Hughes in support of our
honest Conservative Government, it is
the young man who in the near future
must control the destinies of our glorious
country, and it makes the old men more
enthusiastic to see the youngsters take a
lively interest in the welfare of their
country by supporting the Grand old
Flag of Britain against those who if they
could, would drag it in the mire, and
hoist the stars and stripes in its stead.
There is no fear of the future of Canada
so long as the people are true to their best
interests and stand by the Flag "that's
braved a thousand years the Battle and
the Breeze."

LOCAL.

TO-NIGHT.
In the Town Hall,
Unique Indian Concert,
By the Celebrated Singers,
Professor P. Crowe and Family;
The admission fee is only 25c. and 15c.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.—Anniver-
sary services will be preached by the
Rev. W. H. Adams, of Haliburton, on
Sunday, the 21st instant, in the Methodist
Church of this place, at 10:30 a. m. and
6:30 p. m.

CHURCH SERVICES.—In consequence of
the Rev'd Mr. Scott being called to Stan-
hope to attend sick parishioners he will
remain there for service at Maple Lake
in the morning, Basking in the afternoon
and Minden in the evening at 7 o'clock
on Sunday next the 14th instant

TEA MEETING.—The annual tea meet-
ing in connection with the Methodist
Church here will be held on the evening
of Monday, the 22nd instant. A grand
programme will be given. Be sure and
go, as no pains will be spared in making
this the best entertainment ever held in
this place. Further notice later

ENTERTAINMENT.—An entertainment
will be held in Moore's Falls, School
House on Wednesday the 17th inst., com-
mencing at 7:30 p. m. in the interest of
the English Church Minister of Minden.
A programme is being prepared consist-
ing of Songs, Readings, Recitations and
short Addresses. Admission .5 cents.
All are cordially invited.

BEATTY'S TOUR OF THE WORLD.—Ex-
-cavator Daniel P. Beatty, of Beatty's Cel-
brated Organs and Pianos, Washing-
ton, New Jersey, has returned home from
an extended tour of the world. Read his
advertisement in this paper and send for
catalogue—24

The Presbyterians have procured the
services of the Rev'd Mr. Webster, a dis-
tinguished lecturer of Toronto to provide
them an intellectual feast, consisting of
three courses; the first being a lecture in
the Presbyterian church at Minden, on
February 16th, on "The Scottish Coven-
ants," the second a lecture at Allsaw
on "William, Prince of Orange," on Feb-
ruary 17th (good stabling may be ex-
pected); the third a lecture in the Presby-
terian church, Haliburton, on February
18th, on "The age we live in."

According to their usual generosity the
Presbyterians invite their many friends
to the feast, but are compelled to ask you
to bring a quarter with you as the ex-
penses are high. Lunches may be ex-
pected at each place

St. Paul's Church.
There will be no morning service in St
Paul's Church Minden, on Sunday morn-
ing next, but there will be evening ser-
vice at seven o'clock.

Minden School Notes.

"Honor Roll" in composition for each
week:—5th Class: Fred Fielding, 4th
Class: Maud Reid, Willie Dunn, 3rd
Class: Flossie Fielding, Walter Haight

Apologies in Order.

We understand prompt action is to be
taken to compel a very conceited cal-
umniator in this Riding to apologise for
the foul aspersions he made against one
of the eloquent public speakers who visited
this place recently. If the ninth com-
mandment is ignored by those who aspire
to be spiritual leaders what effect must
it have upon their followers?

Unique Indian Concert.

Professor Crowe and family, the most
popular singers and instrumentalists in the
Province of Ontario, have of late been busily
employed by various denominations, and
other organized Societies, in attending Tea
Meetings, Socials and Church Concerts in
different parts of the country. Their per-
formances have elicited applause from de-
lighted audiences, and great praise from the
press. Their programme embraces comic and
sentimental songs, and choruses of a high
order, sacred songs and solos with organ or
piano accompaniment. The Misses Crowe
also render popular airs on the violin and
organ, thereby exhibiting the surprising
aptitude and the remarkable progress they
have acquired in the art of music. We in-
vite all to come and hear the concert. As it
is nearly the last of the season no pains will
be spared to make the entertainment one of
the most pleasing of the season. Will ex-
hibit in the Town Hall, Minden, on Friday
evening, February 12th 1892. Doors open
at 7 o'clock p. m., Concert at 7:30 p. m. Ad-
mission, adults 25c., Children 15c. They
also intend giving an entertainment at Gelert
on Monday evening, 15th February, at the
same hour and price

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The sig-
nal perhaps of the sure approach of that
more terrible disease Consumption. Ask
yourselves if you can afford for the sake
of saving 50c., to run the risk and do
nothing for it. We know from experience
that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough.
It never fails.

All Happened Friday.

Declaration of Independence was signed
Friday.
Washington was born Friday.
Queen Victoria was married Friday.
America was discovered Friday.
Mayflower landed Friday.
John of Arc was burned at the stake
Friday.
Battle of Waterloo was fought Friday.
Rastle was burned Friday.
Battle of Marengo was fought Friday.
Julius Caesar was assassinated Friday.
Moscow was burned Friday.
Shakespeare was born Friday.
King Charles I. was beheaded Friday.
Battle of New Orleans was fought
Friday.
Lincoln was assassinated Friday.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice,
having had placed in his hands by an East
India missionary the formula of a simple
vegetable remedy for the speedy and per-
manent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis,
Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung
Affections, also a positive and radical
cure for Nervous Debility and all Ner-
vous Complaints, after having tested its
wonderful curative powers in thousands
of cases, has felt it his duty to make it
known to his suffering fellows. Actuated
by this motive and a desire to relieve hu-
man suffering, I will send free of charge,
to all who desire it, this recipe, in Ger-
man, French or English, with full direc-
tions for preparing and using. Sent by
mail by addressing with stamp, naming
this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's
Block, Rochester, N. Y.—33-52t

Not in a Hurry.

It was a lengthy and slowly moving fun-
eral cortege. Broadway was crowded, and
at times the driver of the hearse was obliged
to bring his horses to a walk.

From the sea of vehicles a hansom cab
suddenly evolved itself. The cabby was
lashing his steed furiously and his passenger
appeared to be highly agitated. The hansom
went in and out of the line with wonderful
rapidity, and was just on the point of dash-
ing over a clean stretch of pavement when
the hearse drifted squarely in front.

For two blocks the cabby was obliged to
jog along behind, and at last his patience
gave out.

"Say, you," he shouted at the hearse
driver, "get out of the way! My fare's in
a hurry!"

"That's all right," returned the other,
"mine ain't."—New York Advertiser.

The Head Surgeon

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now
at Toronto, Canada, and may be consult-
ed either in person or by letter on all
chronic diseases peculiar to man, young,
old, or middle aged, who find themselves
nervous, weak and exhausted
who are broken down from excess or
overwork, resulting in many of the fol-
lowing symptoms: Mental depression,
premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of
memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight,
palpitation of the heart, emission of
energy, pain in the kidneys, headache,
pimples on the face or body, itching or
peculiar sensation about the scrotum,
wasting of the organs, dizziness, spunks
before the eyes, twitching of the muscles,
eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, de-
pression in the urine, loss of willpower, ten-
derness of the scalp and spine, weak and
flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to
be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness
of hearing, loss of voice, desire for soli-
tude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes
surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily
looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of
nervous debility that lead to insanity and
death unless cured. The spring or vital
force having lost its tension every func-
tion wanes in consequence. Those who
through abuse committed in ignorance
may be permanently cured. Send your
address for book on all diseases peculiar
to man. Books sent free sealed. Heart
disease, the symptoms of which are faint
spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation,
skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to
the head, dull pain in the heart with
beats strong, rapid and irregular, the
second heart quicker than the first, pain
about the breast bone, etc., can positively
be cured. No cure no pay. Send for
book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Mac-
donnell Ave., Toronto, Canada.

First time you
go to Haliburton
take your cash
and produce to
Gorrie's; it will
pay you well.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following is the Schedule of Tolls proposed to be
charged by the Muskoka Slide, Dam and Boom Company, during the Season of 1892...
Upon Saw Logs, 17 feet and under per piece:—

FROM	T	TOLL
Above Marsh's Falls	Above Baysville Falls	One-quarter Cent
" Side Pier on Ho'llow River	" "	Nine-eighths Cents
" Baysville Falls	" Hannah's Falls	Eleven-eighths Cents
" Matthias' Falls	" "	Five-fourths Cent
" Tretheway's Falls	" South Falls	Three-fourths Cent
" Hannah's Falls	" "	Seven-eighths Cent
" Forks of River	Lake Muskoka	Two Cents
" Tonawanda Creek on Big East	" "	One half Cent
" Rebecca Creek on Big East	Above Duck Chute	Nine-eighths Cents
" Lake Vernon on Big East	" "	Eleven-eighths Cents
" Duck Chute	" "	One quarter Cent
" High Falls	" Bracebridge Falls	Nine-fourths Cents
" Wilson's Falls	" "	Seven-fourths Cents
" Bracebridge Falls	" "	One Cent
Muskoka River (below Bala Falls)	Lake Muskoka	Thirteen-eighths Cents
Muskoka River (above Sandy Gray's Falls)	Above Sandy Grays Fall	no quarter Cent
	Muskoka Mills Pond	Seven-eighths Cent

And upon other dimensions and kinds of Logs, Timber and other Sundries:—tolls bear-
ing the proportions to the above tolls upon Saw-logs 17 feet and under, provided by the
10th Section of "An act to amend the Timber Slide Companies Act" passed in the 53rd
year of Her Majesty's reign. Logs being counted at as many sticks as they are to be cut
into.

Toronto, 29th January, 1892.

A. H. CAMPBELL,
PRESIDENT.

A Cold in the Head

Is the beginning of catarrh, and catarrh often
lays the foundation for consumption. The
first disease may be avoided by curing the
first two, either of which yields at once to
Clark's Catarrh Cure, price 50 cents. It
clears the head, restores the sense of smell,
and drives away that dull headache which
all experiences who have Catarrh in any
form. One package of Clark's Catarrh Cure
will work wonders. If the druggist has not
got it, send price direct to Clark's Chemical
Company, Toronto or New York, and the
package will be sent by return mail.

COUNCIL MEETING.

STANHOPE, JANY., 18th 1892.
Minutes of Meeting.

Moved by Jas. H. Sisson, seconded by R.
Dawson that a by-law be drawn up appoint-
ing Auditors for 1891. By-law read a first
time; Carried. Moved by G. W. Stevens,
seconded by Wm. Wright that by-law No.
151 be read a second time in committee, Jas.
H. Sisson in the chair; Carried. By-law
read without amendment. Moved by R.
Dawson, seconded by G. W. Stevens that by-
law No. 151 be read a third time; Passed and
signed; Carried. Moved by Jas. H. Sisson,
seconded by R. Dawson that Lewis McDon-
ald be Auditor for 1891; Carried. Charles
Wright appointed by the Reeve. Moved by
Wm. Wright, seconded by Jas. H. Sisson
that the motions relating to roads, 1st the
new road through lots 6 and 7, Con. 3 Stan-
hope be rescinded until legal steps be taken
to establish it. 2nd, the road in front of
Derling Reider's property leading to the
boundary of Guilford be rescinded. Carried.
Moved by G. W. Stevens, seconded by
Wm. Wright, that a by-law be drawn up
authorizing the County Treasurer to strike
off his books Lots 14 and 15, Con. 2, Stan-
hope. By-law read a first time.—Carried.
Moved by Jas. H. Sisson, seconded by Wm.
Wright, that by-law No. 152, be read a sec-
ond time in committee, R. Dawson in the
chair.—Carried. By-law was read without
amendment. Moved by G. W. Stevens, sec.

by R. Dawson, that the by-law No. 152 be
read a third time. Passed and signed.—Car-
ried. Moved by G. W. Stevens, sec. by
Wm. Wright, that Jas. H. Sisson be allowed
(\$5) five dollars for use of room for council
purposes for the year 1892.—Carried. Moved
by Jas. H. Sisson, seconded by R. Dawson,
that the Reeve issue orders on the Township
Treasurer for the following sums, viz:—
Joseph Beatty \$4.00, Thomas Mason \$7.00
for holding the poll on 4th January, 1892
\$1.00 each to the following school house
used for election purposes Nov. 2 & 3, Stan-
hope. 3 Stanhope.—Carried. Moved by G.
W. Stevens, seconded by Wm. Wright, that
this Council do nothing regarding Hawk
River Bridge until Jacob Zankner present
the Reeve with a certificate from the com-
mission that the work was done to his satis-
faction.—Carried. Moved by Wm. Wright,
seconded by R. Dawson, that the Clerk be
authorized to write to M. Brown, County
Treasurer, notifying the said Treasurer to
refund Charles Dunion's taxes on Lot 22,
Con. 5, Stanhope, which he illegally paid.—
Carried. Moved by G. W. Stevens, seconded
by Wm. Wright, that the Clerk be author-
ized to place the arrears of John Hewitt's
taxes on Lot 6, Con. 7, Stanhope, on the
Collector's roll, which was illegally remit-
ted on the 28th of August, 1890.—Carried.
Moved by Jas. H. Sisson, seconded by Wm.
Wright, that the Reeve give an order on
the Township Treasurer for \$1.00 to the
clerk to pay for the Municipal miscellany
for the year 1892.—Carried. Moved by G.
W. Stevens, seconded by Wm. Wright, that
this Council do order the collector to have all
taxes collected at once, as the liabilities of
this Municipality must be settled forth-
with.—Carried. Moved by James H. Sisson
seconded by R. Dawson, that this Council
do now adjourn until notified by the Reeve
Carried.

WM. COOPER, Township Clerk.

The Dominion of Canada has an
area of 3,382,000 square miles, and
composes one-sixteenth of the land sur-
face of the globe.

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WINDEN ECHO

12/2/1992

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TRAMPS SEIZE A TRAIN.

A Sheriff's Posse Captures Several After a Fierce Fight.

A BATTLE IN THE DARK.

A Celina, O., despatch says: An extra freight train on the Lake Erie and Western road thundered through Fort Recovery at a tremendous rate last evening, and a few youngsters at the depot there noticed that there was even more than the usual number of trampish-looking fellows on board. As the caboose swept past the station agent's office, Conductor Reed was seen to flip a small piece of paper out of the window, which was partly open. The little wad of paper fell on the platform, and was picked up by a bystander, who, moved by idle curiosity, carried it over to the lamp which swung over the door of the baggage-room. It proved to be half of an old envelope, on which was written in almost undecipherable letters the following message to Station Agent Brounlie, of this place: "Gang of tramps taken possession of my train. For God's sake get a party of officers together and help—". Here the message broke off, Conductor Reed having evidently been unable to write more.

Station Agent Brounlie sent a messenger to Marshal Woods. Then a despatch was received from Conductor Reed at the next station saying the tramps had almost beaten to death Tom Weedon, a brakeman. By this time Marshal Woods had assembled a posse of citizens, and had started toward Mackinaw junction, a little over a mile from here. They had just arrived there when the train, as is the custom of all trains whether passenger or freight, slowed up before it came to a stop. The tramps saw the posse, and a wild break for timber on either side of the track was made.

Marshal Woods dashed toward the nearest of the tramps, yelling to the posse, "Don't let one of them escape if possible," at the same time grabbing a fleeing rascal by the collar. The tramp turned and let out his right with a vicious blow, but Woods avoided it and in a moment had his man by the throat on the ground. Nearly every member of the posse had a similar or worse tussle with one or more of the tramps. Half a dozen of the dirty, ragged scoundrels were finally captured and bound hand and foot. The train's crew, who had also endeavored to arrest some of the tramps, were not so successful in their efforts. Seven of the desperadoes managed to escape into the woods. One of these was, however, without doubt, badly hurt, a brakeman having him on the head with a coupling pin and knocked him down. The wounded tramps' companions kept the trainmen at bay and he was carried off by his pals into the woods, the gang swearing they would shoot anyone who dared to follow. As some of them were known to be armed this threat was sufficient to keep the brakemen from following.

While the scrimmage in the dark lasted the tramps kept up a continual stream of oaths, curses and blasphemous exclamations. Even after the six prisoners were secured they continued their abusive talk, spitting in the faces of the captors and swearing they would have revenge when they regained their liberty.

When the train was pulling slowly out of Portland last evening the tramps, who had evidently been lying in wait for it, suddenly appeared and climbed on the cars, five entering the caboose and others scattering themselves along the train. Three mounted the engine, the leader a gigantic ruffian, with a stubby beard all over his face. He shoved the engineer aside and took charge of the locomotive, the working of which he evidently understood. The gang swore they would run the train open, and were as good as their word. As freight train No. 54 was only a mile or so ahead, the train crew became alarmed and endeavored to dispossess the tramps. The attempt was made at Fort Recovery, but the tramps resisted and the crew was worsted. One of the brakemen, Tom Weedon, was horribly beaten. He was taken to Lima for treatment. On leaving Fort Recovery they took complete possession, and held it until scattered by the posse at Mackinaw. Conductor Reed will return to appear against them, and as it is a felony in this State to interfere with a train the scoundrels will no doubt get a chance to learn a trade. Considerable excitement prevails along the line of the outrage, and citizens are scouring the country for the tramps who have their escape. More captures will undoubtedly follow. This section has been infested with tramps, and the farmers and railroad companies have suffered much from their depredations.

MINING RIOTS.

Italians and Negroes Engage in a Drunken Row—Three Killed.

A Pittsburgh, Pa., despatch says: A riot occurred between Italian and negro coal miners at Smithtown last night, in which two men were fatally wounded and another was so badly hurt that he will lose his leg. A dozen others were slightly injured. A score or more of Italian and negro miners assembled at a saloon, and soon all were under the influence of liquor. A fight was started, but the participants were ejected from the saloon and the doors closed. As soon as they were outside the negroes opened fire on the Italians, and a riot ensued. The fight lasted twenty minutes, during which revolvers, knives and razors, handy bills, etc., were used with terrible effect. When it had been quelled three men were lying on the ground, and blood was flowing from the wounds of half a score of others. The negroes fled after the fight, and were pursued by citizens, who captured four of them. Indignation against the negroes runs high, as the assault on the Italians was unprovoked.

He Had Travelled.

"Is it your opinion," said the theological professor, "that the part of the parable which represents the prodigal son as feeding among swine is to be taken literally?" "Perhaps not," the thoughtful young man replied; "may be it is a reference to the meals he ate at a railway lunch-counter."

—During the reign of Queen Victoria Great Britain has had fifteen wars.

It will give Garza the big head when he learns that the Mexican Government has offered a reward of \$300,000 for his cabeza.

LONDON OPINION.

English Papers on the Troubles Between Uncle Sam and Chili.

A London cable says: The *Globe* says the President's message is more humorous than tragic, that it is marked with the noble stamp of spread-eagleism, and that it makes the poorest case any nation ever put forward. "America and Chili," the *Globe* adds, "have no better means of hurting one another than Bismarck's whale and elephant. Chili's fighting ships are equal to America's, though there can be only one possible ending to the affair in the long run, and Senator Montt, therefore, will be well advised if he eats the look."

The *St. James' Gazette* says there is no creditable reason why America should have fixed a quarrel upon Chili, and that there was no just ground for sending an ultimatum to Chili, and that the latter country's concessions deprive the United States of all justification for bullying. The *St. James' Gazette*, continuing, says that had America been represented at Santiago by a gentleman of the stamp of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Dana, the bother never would have happened.

The *Times* will publish the following telegram in its issue to-morrow morning:

SANTIAGO, Tuesday.—The Chilean Cabinet is still discussing the reply to the ultimatum from America, which it is expected will be as conciliatory as possible. It will probably refer any differences mentioned in the note Mr. Egan delivered on Saturday, which the Ministers themselves fail to settle, to the arbitration of the United States Supreme Court. Nothing, however, is as yet definitely known. But for the appearance of American cruisers coming from the Atlantic this sudden recrudescence of the difficulty might be considered only as one of the many phases through which this strange crisis has been passing for months, according to the exigencies of American home politics. The impending arrival of an American squadron at Valparaiso, however, imports an element of danger. The British Minister arrived at Santiago to-day from Vina del-Mar.

A later telegram from Santiago says: "It is confidentially affirmed that the Chilean Foreign Minister, in accordance with a decision arrived at by President Montt and the Cabinet, and after consulting with the Council of State, has replied to the American ultimatum in terms which will satisfy the President and Government of America. In view of the disparity between the forces of the two powers it would seem that Chili had no other resource left than to make the sacrifice of dignity necessary to satisfy the more powerful nation."

CROOKED RAILWAY CASHIER.

Stole Large Sums of Money and Levanted to Canada.

A Detroit despatch says: Yesterday Travelling Auditor Slater, of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, swore out a warrant for the arrest of Ralph R. Chandler, cashier of the company at West Detroit, charging him with embezzling \$5,000 of the company's money. Mr. Slater has since last week been engaged in the work of making his usual audit of the company's books at West Detroit, and early in the week began to unearth a scheme by which it is alleged the cashier got ahead of the company to the extent of the sum named. So far no trace of Chandler has been found, he having suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Chandler came to Detroit from Coldwater, Mich., where his parents now live, and are highly respected. He was getting a salary of \$165 a month from the railroad company, but is said to have been living at a much higher rate than his salary would justify. The last heard of him is through a companion who drove him out to Jefferson avenue on Wednesday, who states Chandler admitted he had stolen money from the railroad company, and said the aggregate of the sum taken would be between five and ten thousand dollars. This confirms the fears of the railroad officials that there are more shortages than those already found. The companion was instructed to forward Chandler's trunks to him, but to what point he is not willing to say, except that it is in Canada.

TEN MEN MISSING.

Miners Supposed to Have Perished in Lituya Bay.

A Port Townsend, Wash., despatch says: The steamer from Alaska, which arrived last night, reports that ten miners are supposed to have perished of hunger or cold. Last April Messrs. Orton and S. O. Wheelock, of Juneau, accompanied by eight other miners, left Juneau on the schooner Charley for Lituya Bay, taking eight months' provisions. The party was to return in November. Nothing having been heard from them great uneasiness is felt, for they were in frozen regions where it would be impossible to get food or help. The people appealed to Captain Maynard, of the United States warship Pinta, at Sitka, to go to the relief of the missing men. Maynard declined on account of the great risk to the ship, and because he thought the men were beyond reach of human aid. At a mass meeting held in Juneau the Governor was appealed to and a relief expedition was organized and sent out in sailing vessels, with supplies, in search of the miners, but with little hope of rescuing them. The winter at Lituya Bay is long and severe, and probably the ten missing men have perished.

A Cashier in Trouble.

A Marshall, Mich., despatch says: Eugene J. Kirby, Marshall's embezzling bank cashier, was arraigned to-day before Justice Miller. The charge is under the State law, and alleges forgery, S. T. Dobbins being the complaining witness. Kirby waived examination, and was bound over to the Circuit Court in \$10,000 bail. It is not thought he will be able to furnish bail, and he will probably spend the time until his trial in confinement. What will be done with the charge against him for violation of the Federal banking statute is not announced.

There was a revolt of 160 convicts at Fort Santa Cruz, Brazil, on Tuesday, and Rio Janeiro is full of revolutionary talk. The convicts overcame the guards and soldiers, fortified themselves and demanded the restoration of Da Fonseca. The Government brought their war ships and land forces to bear and subdued the rebels after a sharp fight and the bombardment of Fort Santa Cruz.

FOR COMPENSATION.

Allegations Which Reflect on Gen. Middleton's Conduct as an Officer.

An Ottawa despatch says: Emanuel Champagne, of Batoche, has brought suit in the Exchequer Court against the Dominion Government for \$18,000 in payment for the live stock, store goods, and other property, including \$5,000 worth of furs, which he alleges were looted by the militia under General Middleton after the taking of Batoche in May, 1885. Messrs. Chrysler & Lewis, who are acting for Champagne, allege in their petition of right that he was a British subject, that his place was occupied by the General for public purposes, and that during the occupation the General negligently permitted Champagne's goods to be stolen or lost, while it was his duty to protect them. It is also alleged that the gray charger ridden by the General during the rest of the campaign was Champagne's property, and was improperly confiscated and afterwards sold by the Crown. The defence filed by Mr. W. D. Hogg, Q. C., counsel for the Government, declares that Champagne was under arrest as a rebel and during the storming of Batoche his property was necessarily damaged, that the occupation of his house was a necessary incident of the campaign, and that the loss of goods complained of was due to the rebel forces and not to the troops. The Crown also adds that the Royal Commission of 1887 has already decided against the claim, and concludes by denying that Champagne has any right in law to sue the Crown in such a case. To this defence a reply is filed by Chrysler & Lewis, denying that Champagne was a rebel, and urging that, even if he was, that fact afforded no excuse to the authorities, who were responsible for his loss. It is also concluded that the General and his force were during the rebellion amenable to the Imperial Army Act and Queen's Regulations, which explicitly prohibit looting from the inhabitants at the seat of hostilities. Further, Her Majesty's pardon by proclamation in 1886 is pleaded, which also remitted all forfeitures of lands and goods incurred by those participating in the rebellion, and the ability of the Royal Commission of 1886 to bind claimants by an adverse decision is disputed.

GRIP AND LIFE INSURANCE.

The Epidemic Costs the Companies More Than Did the Cholera.

A London cable says: Medical Adviser Smece, addressing a meeting of the directors of a large life insurance company, stated that the epidemic of influenza had cost the company two and a half times as much as did the cholera epidemic of 1842. Dr. Smece said he considered that persons up to 40 years of age were in no danger of death from attacks of influenza, between 40 and 65 years the chances of death increased from 15 to 20 per cent. After 65 years, unless the disease was destroyed immediately, the victims would be left without a trace of constitution. Every country of Europe, he added, had suffered from local outbreaks of cerebro-spinal meningitis, followed by influenza, which destroyed 9 per cent of those attacked. Dr. Smece declared that he saw no reason why the disease at any time should not throw off the comparatively benign character and appear in its true malignity, which would create terror throughout the world.

PUNISHING ISLANDERS.

British and French Ships "Christianizing" the New Hebrides.

A London cable says: News is forthcoming of the last expedition in the New Hebrides, in which Her Majesty's ships, the *Goldfinch* and the *Cordelia*, and the French cruiser *La Saone* took part. It was undertaken with the object of punishing the natives for the murder of two colonists. A landing party from the French ship pushed as far as Libungan, which they burned, afterwards joining the British force at Ouseva, which had met with a similar fate. Eight prisoners, captured by the French, were sentenced by the officers, who met on board the *Cordelia*, to transportation for life at Noumea, and the native chiefs, who were summoned on board, were told that if the offence were repeated the punishment would be more severe, as the bluejackets would operate over an area of ten miles. It is believed, however, that the salutary lesson which the natives have received will produce the desired effect.

MRS. PARNELL IN COURT.

She Declines to Permit the Debits in Her Bank Book to be Seen.

A London cable says: Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell, in the Wood will case proceedings, produced in court her bank book with the debit pages sealed. She then made an affidavit to the effect that the sealed pages were irrelevant. In the Court of Appeals to-day, Mrs. Ann and Irene Couragen, the interveners, made an application for an order to compel the bank in which Mrs. Parnell deposited her money to bring its ledgers into court so as to show how Mrs. Parnell's bank account stood. The court declined to grant the application, saying that the judge who will preside at the trial of the suit could order the production of the books if he so desired. It is expected that the case will come up for trial in all probability at the beginning of March.

Canada Customs Decisions.

An Ottawa despatch says: The following decisions giving the proper rates of duty to be collected on articles not specified in the tariff have been rendered by the Board of Customs during the month of January: Capsules, for bottles, plain, 30 per cent. Capsules, for bottles, stamped or lettered, 15c. lb. and 25c. per cent. Cases (buggy) for physician's use, 35c. per cent. Carpet binding cotton, 25c. per cent. Demorest's Family Magazine, free. Emery knife sharpeners, 25c. per cent. Fishing fly books, 35c. per cent. Horse nets, made of twine, 35c. per cent. Imitation porcelain electric light shades, 20 per cent. Microscopes, 25c. per cent. Pressed cork matting, 20c. per cent. The Street Railway Journal, free. The Boot and Shoe Recorder, free. Unvulcanized soft sheet rubber, 25c. per cent. Vulcanized fibre in sheets, etc., 30c. per cent.

Mr. Robert Love, of Aldborough, has entered action for damages for the seduction of his daughter Lizzie against James Johnston, formerly of Aldborough, but now of Virden, Man. The seduction is alleged to have occurred about January 29th, 1891, under promise of marriage.

'TIS A QUEER LITTLE SHOP.

Where Scotch and Irish Goods Are Sold.

ROBERTJOHN BLACK'S CURIOSITIES.

(Hans Leigh in Detroit News.)

A red-coated British officer, prancing upon a white war horse, draws the attention of the Detroit public to one of the most unique little establishments in the United States of America.

It is a small shop on Grand River avenue, directly opposite the Goodman House, and in that shop there is nothing American. The stools upon which the customers sit come from Scotland. A red curtain which hangs across the shop, 20 feet from the door, was manufactured in the British Isles. The very tanks used in hanging sample goods upon the wall were imported from Birmingham.

One of the principal sources of revenue in this establishment is the sale of newspapers; but the dailies of New York and Detroit find no places there. The *Freeman's Journal* may be purchased by ardent lovers of Home Rule in Ireland. The *London Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Lloyd's Weekly* are on hand to tell the lonely Britisher of home and country. *London Tit-Bits*, and the weekly adventures of that cunning cockney, "Ally Sloper," are kept in order to excite the risibilities of islanders who love mirth. The canny Scot may, for a few cents, draw wisdom and knowledge from *Scottish Nights*, the *Edinburgh Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Mail*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, the *Inverness Courier* or *The People's Journal* of Aberdeen. Sprigs of holly, mistletoe and Scottish heather may be had directly from the old sod.

Upon the counter lies a heap of steel engravings. "Portraits of sellabraties," the proprietor calls them; but they are celebrities of whom no American ever heard, gentlemen with fierce looking Galway slugs and plaid waistcoats, sleek looking Presbyterian divines and gorgeously appraised army officers. One solemn looking individual, dressed in a fantastic ulster, is labelled "The Queen's Jester." Did anybody ever know that Victoria kept a "jester"?

The proprietor of this little shop is a Scotchman, Robertjohn Black by name, and it is as a Scotch goods emporium that his place chiefly shines. Neckties and sashes of the gaudiest plaids are always in stock. Tartan stuffs of every style, from Gunn up to Royal Stuart, are displayed there, brought straight from Inverness, the capital of the Scottish highlands. Stones and queer rocks from the Scottish coast, and sea shells picked from in front of John o' Groat's cottage may remind the possessors of that queer old Caledonian myth. Does anybody want a few skeen-dus with which to bewilder his kilt? or a highland dirk? or a Lochaber axe? or a snuff-mull made of a ram's head? or claymores, cairngorms or sporans and kilts? Then let him make haste to Grand River avenue. Orders come there from Australia, South America, Africa and every part of the Union.

Hanging upon the wall are pictures of highland regiments on parade, fierce looking Scotch bagpipers and scenes such as are depicted in Burns' poems. Then there are pretty water colors showing mountainscapes in the north country and soft summer landscapes in the south. In the window is a new folder showing the uniforms in each branch of the British service. Not to forget the little ones, there is a picture book, and it is called "The Royal Tournament."

Mr. Black always dresses in imported Scotch tweeds and runs to large and complicated checks. He gets his shoes from a Scotch cobbler in Windsor. The only American thing about him is his cork leg. He wears one because in youth, while playing shinney, somebody kicked his foot off. Since then he has worn out three legs and his American leg can outwalk both the others and beat 'em under the wire, hands down, without half trying. Sometimes when rheumatism strikes him Mr. Black wishes that he had wooden arms and an extra basswood leg, and a lignum vitae stomach. When not engaged in selling imported articles, Mr. Black is an architect and "superintendent." At other times he works at engraving.

When Rev. W. W. Carson, of the Jefferson Avenue Presbyterian Church, wanted resolutions of sympathy for the Baroness Macdonald, at the time of Sir John's death, he sought out Robertjohn Black. Again Mr. Black was called upon to engross resolutions for presentation to Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, and so pleased was the great millionaire at the execution of the various Scottish emblems with which the resolutions were decked, that he sent copies of his complete works to Mr. Black with his compliments and best wishes.

A jolly-looking little man is Robertjohn Black, with a complexion like a girl and a beard like a soldier. He was born 35 years ago in Inverness and sailed from the Clyde on Lord Beaconsfield's death day, in 1881. When the frame houses of Canada first struck his eye, he thought they were merely shelters, put up like tents, until stone houses could be built. He signaled his arrival in London, Ont., by falling in love with a Miss Gunn, an American girl of Scotch parentage, whom he met in a boarding house. They were secretly married almost immediately, and after paying the parson the groom had only \$2 left. After working as a draughtsman for three weeks he came to Detroit and worked for two years with Architect Gordon W. Lloyd and two years for W. K. Muir, in the mills at Wyandotte. Then a big strike was set on foot and Mr. Black decamped for Scotland. He had not been there long when J. B. Wilson, the Detroit foundry man, dropped in to see him, and accidentally exposed an American nickel. Robertjohn seized the coin ecstatically, covered it with kisses, performed a Scotch reel and declared that he would follow it back to Detroit. He was as good as his word and soon opened out a Scotch goods shop on Jefferson avenue, next to Victor Collan. Subsequently he removed to his present place of business. About a year ago he went to Scotland again, thinking to remain, but returned to America, thinking he could love his country just as well while in Detroit and that he might incidentally make more money. The little place on Grand River avenue is

the resort of half the old Scotch cronies in Detroit. They drop in casually in the evening to get *Scottish Nights*, or the *Scotsman*, and stay to gossip and crack old anecdotes and argue on British politics. There are a good many hard-headed old Conservatives among them, and, of course, a considerable number of Gladstonians. It may be imagined, therefore, that discussions grow warm; but when an Irishman drops in to get his *Freeman's Journal*! It's then that hair stands on end and fists are shaken; feet stamp and eyes glare, and the air is filled with objurgations. Mr. Black usually stands at the door to prevent forcible entry on the part of the police, and in plaintive tones begs his friends to moderate their fury, but they don't do it.

W. K. Muir is an occasional visitor at Mr. Black's place of business, and Rev. J. F. Dickie and George Hendrie sometimes call. J. B. Lauder, an ardent Scotchman and staunch Conservative, is found there at times, and Andrew Wanless is Mr. Black's especial friend.

Occasionally a Scotch musician drops in and tunes up his pipes to the air of "The Camellia are Comin'" or "Scots Wha hae Wi' Wallace Bled"; and then the old boys who happen to be there blush and tap their feet in time to the old tunes; and they wipe their eyes and say that "Thae pipes dinna sound richt wi'out th' lochs an' th' knowes t' skirl an' echo o'er."

The shop is too small to dance in, or the old fellows would have a reel or a sword dance sometimes, but Mr. Black's own house is bigger and dances are no uncommon thing there. Despite his cork leg, he can shake a toe with the best of his countrymen, and when it comes to kicking he can stand on his fleshy underpinning and kick his timber toe higher than his head.

Scotch manners and customs prevail at the house, as Scotch goods do at the shop. It's parritch for breakfast, an' haggis for dinner; and when evening comes Mr. Black treats his friends to a decoction of whiskey and honey, which is said to produce a jog more quickly than any mixture on earth. The son of the house is always clad in kilts, and so much does the father love the tartan that the boy is said to sleep in a plaid nightgown.

When a sandy-haired immigrant from Scotia's island strikes Detroit he gravitates toward Robertjohn's shop like quicksilver to the bottom of a gravel pit, and he always finds sympathy and assistance. Among all the happy men in Detroit Robertjohn Black stands pre-eminent. No amount of misfortune can cast him down. He is especially fond of his family.

"I married on less than a month's acquaintance," he says, "and I couldn't have done better if I'd searched for twenty years."

AN INFORMER'S GRAVE.

The Desolate Spot in Australia Where Carey is Buried.

Sir Thomas Gratton Esmonde, M. P., has compiled into a neat volume the letters he wrote detailing his trip to Australia in the cause of Home Rule. This extract is interesting: "James Carey lies near Port Elizabeth. We visited the spot. A more awful lesson was never read, nor in more awful eloquence, than the moral of that far-off grave. It would even seem as if the very earth refused to harbor his wretched clay; and as if nature herself were imbued with the sentiment of his countrymen towards this poor, weak, desperate and dishonoured tool and victim of Dublin Castle officialism. It would tax the power of Dante's pen to record the horrors of that grave. Mine is miserably inadequate to the task. Upon the bare, leafless, lifeless breast of a sand-hill, where the whirlwinds eddy round like evil geni, and where the scorching, scaring, noisome desert blast sweeps across to the sea with the wail and shriek of a banshee, lies a heap of blood-red stones. Upon one of these some passer-by has scratched with a rusty nail: "Carey, the informer!" Nothing more. Such is the tomb; and such the epitaph. Around lie the bones of negro convicts who have suffered the extreme penalty of the law, while the only shade that ever strays over that grave comes as the setting sun sinks to his fiery couch behind the grim and ghastly structure of the adjoining jail. In that company, amid such surroundings, the body of the Irishman who lured his countrymen to crime and sold them to a barbarous death for English gold awaits the last trumpet's sound.

Other sufferers from cold in the head and catarrh have been promptly cured, why not you? Capt. D. H. Lyon, manager and proprietor of the C. P. R. and R. W. & O. car ferry, Prescott, Ont., says: "I used Nasal Balm for a prolonged case of cold in the head. Two applications effected a complete cure in less than 24 hours. I would not take \$100 for my bottle of Nasal Balm if I could not replace it."

Boggs—You warranted this horse not to be afraid of the cars, but the first time I tried it on he strung the buggy through four counties. Horse dealer—It couldn't have been the cars; are you sure he didn't see the locomotive?

"How is Vickars?" Good pay?" "O, he is good enough, if you only give him time. His grocery bill, for instance, usually runs so long that he has to pay 15 or 20 cents extra for the ink used in setting down the items."

NASAL BALM

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, NEVER FAILS HEALING.

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1) by addressing FULLER & CO., Brockville, Ont.

CATARRH

MINDEN ECHO

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Her Friend.

"Twas in the Boston fast express a little maiden sat;
She occupied the seat alone; beside her lay her hat.
She clutched her dolly to her breast in childish mother play.
As if she feared some dreadful giant would snatch it right away.
"Are you all alone, my little girl?" I asked as I stooped down.
"My mamma told me Dad was here," she said with half a frown.
"She kissed me an' my dolly, an' I dese I don't know you."
"But, dear," I answered, smiling, "tell me where you are going to."
She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.
"I'm doin' on to Boston, an' my pop'll meet me there."
"But, dear," I questioned gently, "if the choo-choo cars should stop,
And you should walk and walk, and walk and then not find your pop,
What would you do?" The little maiden shook her head and frowned.
"My mamma says when pop is gone that Dad is somewhere round."

The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there awhile
And watched my little blue eyes, with her half expectant smile.
"Does waitin' for my pop," she said, "with dolly fast asleep."
And then a man came rushing in. I know him by his leap.
He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish glee;
And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.
"Well, Hess," he asked, "who is your friend?" with quaint, expressive nod.
The maid replied: "I don't know. I think it must be Dad."

—Tom Mason in Brooklyn Life.

FLOWERS IN COLD ROOMS.

How One Tides Over the Cold Waves.

Of interest to thousands of women is the following article in *Garden News*:
"I love flowers dearly, but my rooms are so cold at night that I cannot grow them." How often one hears that remark made in all sincerity! I always feel like combating the statement, for my own experience has taught me that one can have flowers in cold rooms if pains is taken to protect them at night.

My first home after my marriage was a frame house built in true Southern style, to keep the heat out, rather than to keep it in. The consequence was, the temperature of my plant windows during a "cold snap" would be several degrees below frost at night, and a crust of ice half an inch thick would form on water left standing by the windows. Yet I grew geraniums, primroses and tulips, and even such tender plants as heliotropes and begonias, and I never had finer ones than those grown in the cold house. Nothing was left to "luck," but systematic protection was given every night throughout the winter that no sudden change through the night might take me unawares and ruin my plants.

At night all the plants on the window shelves and brackets were taken down and snugly nestled with the other plants on the wire plant stand. With a little practice, it is surprising how compactly a large number of plants may be stowed away in a small space. The next step was to pin large, thick newspapers around each pot and plant of the tenderer begonias, etc., and the next was to spread a loose layer, two or three papers deep, over the rest of the plants on the stand, and over these a couple of sheets, one over the stand itself and one over the back of the stand, to cut off any possible draught from the windows. Large, stiff newspapers keep out a great deal of cold, and at the same time crush or bend growing plants less than anything else that can be used, especially if pinned over the arch of the stand in such a manner as to enclose the plants without resting heavily against them. By their stiffness the papers prevent the sheets from sagging down on the plants and breaking them.

In extremely cold weather quilts were placed over the sheets and pinned together to keep out all cold, and the tray-like shelves of the plant-stand were lined with thick layers of newspapers to cut off the ascending cold from beneath. In addition, all cracks around the windows, sashes or casings, were pasted over with strips of cloth to keep out draughts, and the shutters were closed each night.

Wanted, A Boy.

A jolly boy.
A boy full of vim.
A boy who seems a lie.
A boy who never smokes.
A boy with none "stick to it."
A boy who takes to the bathtub.
A boy who is proud of his big sister.
A boy who thinks hard work no disgrace.
A boy who does chores without grumbling.
A boy who believes that an education is worth while.
A boy who plays with all his might—during playing hours.
A boy who listens not to unclean stories from any one.
A boy who thinks his mother above all mothers in the model.
A boy who does not know more than all the rest of the house.
A boy who does not think it inconsistent to mix playing and praying.
A boy who does not wait to be called the second time in the morning.—*Star of Pinta*

Short and Sweet.

Bangs cover a multitude of wrinkles.
We presume that Cork has a large floating population.
The barber, we suppose, gets to heaven by a close shave.
The exercising of horses just before a race is the preamble.
The convict is naturally in a good humor when he's breaking out.
The eagle always feels more or less soarsness in its wings when it uses them.
Most revolutions nowadays are caused by the modern printing press.—*Texas Siftings*.

Alice Jane Campbell, a London lady, has just patented an improved measuring attachment for shears and scissors, that promises to make her famous.

Beards were at various times taxed in England and the sheriff of Canterbury paid three shillings and four pence for wearing a beard. In the first year of Elizabeth's reign every beard above a fortnight's growth was taxed three shillings and sixpence, but the law was too absurd to be enforced. Peter the Great imposed a tax of a rouble upon beards, but it was soon cancelled.

Siftings: A man out in Kentucky has just found a heavy pot of gold. It is likely that he lifted it with three jacks.

A FAMOUS SEA FIGHT

Between a French Frigate and an English Man-of-War.

[From "A Master Mariner." Being the Life and Adventures of Captain Robert William Eastwick.]

The historic encounter between the French frigate *La Forte*, 50 guns, and *La Sybille*, 44 guns, flying the white ensign, took place in the Bay of Bengal, the British vessel being commanded by Captain Cooke, son of the famous navigator and one of the best officers in His Majesty's service. Captain Eastwick and Captain Cooke, with the crews of their respective vessels, watched the encounter from the decks of the Frenchman, by whom they had just previously been captured.

It was a brilliant moonlight night, with light winds and calm sea. Captain Cooke and I, having retired to a corner of the quarter-deck, were sitting talking, when our attention was suddenly drawn to a strange sail making toward us, and distinctly visible in the moonlight. She was a large vessel, and there was a curious fact about her, that she did not display a single light, but sailed serenely on with all her canvas spread, and yet without any signs of life on board. The French officers actually mistook her for a merchantman "with the watch asleep," and about to be delivered into their hands. They had enjoyed such a career of good fortune during the last month that they were ready to accept the new ship as only a further instalment of the luck that seemed to be theirs.

Nearer and nearer came the strange sail, as calm and stately as if she had the entire ocean to herself, and no other vessel in sight. Such confidence amounted to audacity, for the display of lights from the French frigate marked her as a man-of-war. As the approaching ship continued her course and came within range, the captain of the *La Forte* began to exhibit some doubts about her, and ordered a few shots to be fired at her. But these eliciting no response, he commanded the firing to cease, observing in my hearing, "She will prove another *Bon Fritz*!" Still, as a matter of precaution, every man was kept at his quarters, though in a careless way, and the guns were all loaded and pointed at the stranger.

We prisoners were now ordered to retire below, and were shown into the officers' berth-place, the door of which was locked upon us. This did not, however, altogether prevent us from obtaining a view of what was going on, for there was a small port-hole, through which we peered in turn, and tried to conjecture who or what this vessel might be that came on in such a masterly manner and appeared to anticipate no danger, although she was sailing into the very teeth of one of the strongest frigates afloat, and one which had proved herself to be a terror in those waters.

Suddenly, having got into a proper position, and as the moment of action arrived, all the tarpaulins which had covered the lanterns and hidden the lights on board of the *La Sybille* were removed as if by magic, and an illuminated large English ship exposed to view. She was now within two cables' length, and luffed to the wind on the starboard tack, and the next instant the whole broadside of a well-directed fire was poured into *La Forte*. Then edging down, after the discharge, before the wind, the *La Sybille* came fairly alongside.

And now occurred such a scene on board the French frigate as I can find no words to describe. Her decks had been raked with the small grape-shot that came like hail from the 24-pounders of her opponent, and in a moment all was shouting and noise and confusion. Whistles were piped, orders were cried out, and the crew were hurried up to serve the guns, urged on by their officers. The admiral was killed early in the action, and the captain fell next, as gallant a man as could be desired. He was cut in half by a chain-shot whilst trying to rally his crew, who, having been fairly caught napping, were all in alarm and confusion. The execution wrought amongst their ranks by the sudden broadside was dreadful, and the whole ship resounded with the shrieks and groans of the wounded, making a noise that was sickening to hear. Still a gallant fight was kept up, despite the demoralizing effects of that deadly fire. The musketry rattled, and between the thunder of the guns, as broadside after broadside was returned, there came the lesser but constant discharges of the brass swivels mounted on the quarter-deck. There was, however, one great disadvantage that the *La Forte* suffered; owing to her enormous height she could not depress her guns sufficiently to fire with proper effect at her opponent, because of the close quarters at which the action was fought, whilst the *La Sybille* shot told with disastrous results at each discharge.

After 55 minutes' hot fighting, the Frenchman, finding she was beaten, desired to escape, and attempted to make sail. But this the *La Sybille* was determined to prevent, and, altering the aim of her guns, the *La Forte*'s shrouds were presently shot away, and soon afterwards her masts went by the board, one after another, with an awful crash, carrying all the top hamper with them, until the deck became an inextricable mass of tangled rigging, and the frigate lay a helpless cripple upon the water.

At last the action began to draw to a close. The discharges of cannon were less frequent, and the *La Forte*'s men being all engaged in trying to set sail, the rattle of musketry on the quarter-deck above our heads almost ceased. Very nearly the last shot fired was one which, in penetrating the berth-place, was so checked, that it came rolling slowly toward us, upon which Mr. Mackereel jumped up and made a clean bound over it with an agility that would have done credit to a goat. As I scuttled out of its way, its size showed me it came from a twenty-four pounder, and I knew it must have been fired by a man-of-war. But before I had time to acquaint my companion of this joyful discovery, and bid him take heart, a great number of men (the *La Forte* having now struck) came running down below to secure the valuables plundered from the various prizes, and tie them around their persons, and one of these unlocked the door of the berth-place, with the object, I conceive, of approaching some of the dead officers' property, and thus enabled Mr. Mackereel and myself to get out. I immediately went on deck, where the second captain, who was quite a lad, caught sight of me. The tears were in his eyes, and he was greatly agitated as he asked me to hail the British frigate and say we had struck. Young though he was, the command had devolved upon him

through the death of all the senior officers. Still if he had been a veteran of a hundred fights, it would not have been in his power to continue the action any longer, nor could he have shown more proper feeling at the unfortunate position in which he was placed.

Public Accounts.

The public accounts of Canada for the last fiscal year were issued from the Government printing bureau yesterday. The revenue on account of consolidated fund was \$38,579,310, the expenditure \$36,343,567, showing a surplus of \$2,235,743. The expenditure on capital account totalled \$3,112,955.

The subsidies paid to railroads amounted to \$1,265,705, of which the St. Catharines & Niagara Central Railway Company got \$1,760 and the St. Clair Frontier Tunnel Company \$143,400.

The only amount invested during the year was \$50,600 advanced to the Quebec Harbor Commissioners.

The receipts from Dominion lands amounted during the year to \$264,592; the amount invested for sinking funds was \$1,938,078; the total amount held on 30th June last for sinking fund purposes was \$25,555,614.50.

The debt redeemed, exclusive of savings bank withdrawals, amounted to \$1,905,964.

On the 30th June last the total amount at the credit of the depositors in the savings banks was \$39,400,026, or a reduction of \$1,612,438 as compared with the balance held at the end of the previous year. The interest allowed to depositors for the year amounted to \$1,348,525, and if this amount is deducted from the balance at the credit of the depositors it will be found that the excess of withdrawals of cash over cash deposits was \$2,960,964. Owing to the withdrawals from the savings banks, and to meet redemption of debt a further temporary loan of \$1,200,000 was effected in England.

The Dominion notes in circulation increased \$818,424, and on the 30th June the total outstanding was \$16,176,317.

The net debt of the Dominion on the 30th June last was \$237,808,030, an increase of \$275,818 in the year. The gross debt is \$289,899,229.

The Chinese New Year.

The Chinese year began yesterday, and the few Chinamen living here were rather busily employed all day in entertaining visitors, paying calls and drinking tea. Strangers and friends alike received a hearty welcome, and all who called had the privilege of partaking of the eatables which lay exposed upon the tables during the day or of drinking some of the excellent tea which was kept prepared. On the previous evening many observed the Chinese custom of keeping a light burning in every room until after 12 o'clock. In China the new year does not begin on the same day of each year as it does here. Sometimes it begins in the last week of January, and sometimes not until the first week in February. It is customary to celebrate its advent by refraining for a space of ten days from all work, except what business makes necessary, but in this country the Celestials would find such a prolonged observance inexpedient.

A Modified Doxology Suggested.

In a western town recently a vote was taken on a question of temperance, and the anti-temperance party being victorious sympathizers in a neighboring village wired in "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." A correspondent resident there objects to the use of the good old doxology in such a connection, but suggests the following:

Praise him from whom our liquors flow;
That table inn who reigns below;
Praise him ye lawless, dipping lot;
Praise him each worthless, drunken sot.
And to conclude the service of praise to Bacchus the following inscription: "Glory be to the inn, to the license law and to the grog itself; as it was in darker ages, is now, and so far as we are concerned, ever shall be, time without end. Amen."

The Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among them are mythical animals without any remarkable peculiarities of conformation, but, gifted with supernatural attributes; such as a tiger which is said to live to be 1,000 years old and to turn as white as a polar bear.

As every table has two ends, the question often arises, which is the head? The rule followed by caterers is that the end opposite the main entrance to the room and the one nearest the window side is the head.

—Red hair will not bleach.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used

Relieved In your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never

Two Days. without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system.

Constipation While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken Life of Misery with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind."

WON THE RACE AND GIRL.

How a Philadelphia Coquette Had a Love Affair Decided.

South Broad street, from Jackson street to the navy-yard gates, was the scene of a foot-race the other day, the prize being the pretty daughter of a sailor's washerwoman, says the *Philadelphia Record*. For some time Barney Burns, a marine, and George Lindsay, a sailor on board the receiving ship *St. Louis*, which is stationed at League Island, have been enamored of the bright-eyed daughter of the woman who does their washing. The men were friends and the girl's affections seemed to be about evenly divided on the two ardent lovers. How to decide with which of the two she should cast her lot was a difficult problem, but the happy thought of a foot race presented itself. The arrangements were perfected, and at 9 o'clock the contestants appeared upon the course, which was two miles long, accompanied by a large crowd who had been advised of the contest. Burns stands 6 feet 6 inches in height and weighs about 200 pounds, while his opponent, Lindsay, is lithe and willowy; and the sports in the crowd were not long in determining upon the latter as the favorite. A crack of the pistol the lovers were off at a rapid gait, and until the tracks of the Greenwich Point extension of the Pennsylvania Railroad were reached kept well together. The pace told upon Burns' wind, however, and he dropped behind, and when Lindsay reached the end of the goal his competitor was not in sight. The washer-woman's daughter will now become Mrs. Lindsay.

Sanctified By Its Use.

New York Press: "Your husband bought you a sealskin sacque with his winnings at poker. I wonder how you can wear it?" "Oh, that's all right. I'm going to wear it to church, you know, and that will be fighting the devil with his own weapons."

When to Answer Letters.

If possible, answer a letter directly. This to the busy housewife may be out of the question, but at any rate preserve the letter, and before answering it read it over carefully, noting the questions asked, if any, and attending to them before you go into other details which may be to you more interesting, but can wait. You would consider it very rude of any one if you asked a question in conversation and no attention was paid to it. The same thing applies in your correspondence, for are you not talking by mail? Do not delay answering a letter longer than is absolutely necessary, for delay only makes it harder to render yourself interesting, and is the cause of the oft-repeated "Oh, I never know what to say." To remedy this, if you intend to keep up a correspondence, jot down each day any little piece of news or anything that particularly interests you.—*Philadelphia Times*.

It is a Very Sad Thing

To see young and beautiful people die when they might just as well live and enjoy health and strength. Many who suffer with coughs, colds and lung troubles, leading to consumption, imagine there is no hope for them, when in reality there is every hope if Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is taken regularly. Spread the news everywhere that this great emulsion will make flesh and blood, cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, sore throats and lung troubles, tending to consumption. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1. At all druggists.

Federation of Labor.

The hand-book by the Federation of Labor shows the strength of the seventy-four national trade unions of the United States to be 675,117. The Carpenters' Brotherhood leads, with 65,000 members; Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers, 60,000; Iron Moulders' Union of North America, 41,000; International Bricklayers' and Stone Masons' Union, 35,000; Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, 30,000; International Typographical Union, 28,000; Cigar-makers' International Union, 27,000; Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, 23,000; United Mine Workers, 20,000; Granite Cutters' National Union, 20,000; Journeymen Bakers' National Union, 17,500; Journeymen Tailors' Union, 17,000, and the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen and Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators, each with 16,000.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.

Quick-Witted.

When a certain actor, now famous, made his first appearance some critical person threw a cabbage head at him. As it fell on the stage the actor picked it up and stepped forward to the footlights. He raised his hand to command silence, and when his tormentors paused to hear what he had to say, exclaimed, pointing to the cabbage head:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I expected to please you with my acting, but I confess I did not expect that any one in the audience would lose his head over it."

He was allowed to proceed without further interruption.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Prince Henry of Hanan, the son of the late Elector of Hesse by a morganatic marriage with a lady whom he bought from her first husband, is to marry a wealthy Polish princess.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

NEW STEAM STREET MOTOR.

It Receives a Severe but Successful Test and Will be Used.

The new traction motor imported from Belgium by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes for use on the street car lines that are not cabled, was given a test yesterday that proved it to be an emphatic success. The trial trip occupied more than three hours and was over the worst portions of the north side horse car routes, where there were many switches and curves to be taken. The start was made from the Sheffield avenue barn, and after three hours and a half of every sort of test Superintendent Roach and Engineer Gleason expressed themselves as more than pleased. The motor was found to be steady and reliable at every speed from four miles to twenty miles an hour, and it reversed its motion so easily that there was no jar.

The motor itself is a novel piece of machinery. It consists of a compound condensing engine capable of developing 100 horse power and gauged for a maximum steam pressure of 250 pounds. The boiler is of tubular build and has 53 tubes, each of 2 inches diameter. The engine has a 12-inch horizontal stroke from two 8 by 12 cylinders, and the traction power is communicated by a locomotive eccentric to two driving wheels and thence to the other two by a locomotive crank bar. The entire motive apparatus, boiler and all, is contained in a steel cab, 12 feet long, 11 feet high and 7 feet 6 inches wide.

The motor was built by Carrel Bros. in Ghent, Belgium. It is No. 392 of similar construction, the others being in use in European cities. President Yerkes saw one of them in Paris last summer, examined it, tested it, ordered its duplicate, and the report of its performance yesterday will be sent to him in New York, where he is now. The motor, delivered in Chicago, cost about \$5,000, but it is believed that by building them here, as President Yerkes has bought the right to do, the cost can be reduced to something like \$3,000.—*Chicago Press*.

FIVE.—All Fils stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fil after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fil cases. Send to Dr. Kline 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Not the Right Sort.

New York Weekly: Visitor—How do you like your new minister?

Mrs. Muggs—He won't last very long. His wife is too worldly-minded.

"Really?"

"Yes. It's perfectly scandalous. All her dresses fit her."

A dealer in watches of 30 years' experience says that he has known many men who have tried to wind their watches every morning instead of at night, but he has never known one to succeed.

With buffalo steak only 35 cents a pound in New York, it does not look as though the long-talked-of extinction of the buffalo was anything like an accomplished fact.

D. C. N. L. G. 92

TICK AND VERMIN DESTROYER.

THE PROPRIETORS HAVE PURCHASED the formula at great expense, and are now prepared to supply the trade with the genuine article and at greatly reduced prices. Ticks, Lice, Worms or Grub, to which sheep, horses and cattle are subject, and enables the animal to thrive. The proprietors will guarantee perfect success when used according to directions, as will be found on each box. It prevents scurf and scab, and renders the wool bright and clear. Put up in tin boxes; price 30 cents each. One box is sufficient for twenty ordinary sized sheep. It only requires to be tried to prove itself. Sold by all druggists. G. C. BRIGGS & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Hamilton, Ont.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

A specific monthly medicine for ladies to restore and regulate the menstrual discharges. No aches or pains on approach. Now used by over 3,000 ladies. These organs. Buy your druggist only those with the pennyroyal leaf on face of label. Avoid substitutes. Send particulars mailed to stamp. 15c. box. Address: SUIKKA CHEMICAL COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING MACHINE.

Retail Price only \$6.00. Will knit Stockings, Mitts, Scarfs, Leggings, Fancy-work, and everything required in the household from home spun or factory yarn. Simple and easy to operate. Just the machine every family has long wished for. One receipt of \$3.00 I will ship machine threaded up, with full instructions, by express U. S. D. You can pay the balance, \$3, when machine is received. Large commission to agents. Circular and terms free. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Address: CARDON & GEARHART, Dundas, Ont. MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING.

THRILLING Detective Stories.

11 Complete love stories and 100 Popular Songs 10c. BARNARD BROS., 601 Adelaide street west, Toronto, Ont.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS. Beware of imitations. NOTICE. AUTOGRAF OF *Stewart* THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

8c 1 by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazelton, Warren, Pa.

MINI-TECH

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The Minden Echo
MINDEN, ONTARIO, FEB. 12, 1892.



The Old Flag

AND

The Old Policy

Most Loyally

SUSTAINED

IN BOTH

**North and South
VICTORIA**

Sam. Hughes

AND

Chas. Fairbairn

Returned by

Big Majorities.

At the time of going to press we cannot give the correct figures but we feel quite safe in placing Mr. Fairbairn's majority at over 100 and Sam Hughes' majority at, certainly over 150, and we believe it will go over 200. At the last election when the same candidates all round were in the field Mr. Fairbairn had only 25 of a majority and Mr. Hughes was beaten by 202 votes. The voice of the loyal people of these Ridings who feel proud of their Royal name is most emphatically pronounced in favor of Loyalty—the Crown of England, the British Markets and Canada for the Canadians.

Climate of the British Empire.

This British Empire covers so large a proportion of the surface of the globe that its report upon climate may be taken as a report for the whole world. The recently published table of returns for the year 1889 shows interesting results. On of the most important facts brought to light is this, that the same stations year after year monopolise the extremes of heat and cold, of dryness and of humidity. No other inference can be drawn from this fact than that climate is far more regular and unvarying than we are apt to suppose. The highest temperature in the shade, noted by the British observers, was at Adelaide. The point reached was one

hundred and nine degrees, and this was on January Thirtieth. The reader will bear in mind that Adelaide is situated in the southern hemisphere, and that it is midsummer there when it is midwinter with us. For the last five years Adelaide has recorded the highest temperature in the shade. The record for 1886 shows a temperature of one hundred and twelve and four-tenths degrees. Last year it had the highest temperature of any place in the sun—one hundred and seventy and seven-tenths degrees. It was also the driest station, having a mean humidity of sixty three per cent. The lowest shade temperature in the Empire was recorded at Winnipeg, on February twenty third, forty two and six-tenths degrees below zero. This station had also the greatest range in the year, the greatest mean daily range, the lowest mean temperature and the least rain fall, fourteen and ninety-five hundredths inches. It does not appear as though the precipitation in the form of snow could have been reckoned in with the reported rainfall. The highest mean temperature for the year 1889 was reported from Bombay, and the greatest rainfall was observed at Trinidad. It is curious to find that London was the cloudiest of all the stations in the Empire, and that it was also the dampest, its humidity averaging eighty one per cent. The brightest of all stations was Malta. This had only a little more than half the cloud of London.

Care in Feeding.

The past season has in many respects been one of abounding plenty. In various kinds of crops nature has produced far in advance of the average of recent years. This applies to all kinds of crops that are to be used for feed, unless it be hay, of which there is, on the whole, a shortage. This plentifulness of supply has its dangers. The temptation is very strong to waste feed in a greater or less degree, hence a word of caution may be in season at the present time. Since we have been given a good crop, and we are at the same time favored with fairly good prices, it becomes us to try and make the most of our position, and to endeavor to make up this year for the deficiency of some of the more recent of the years that have passed over us.

The extravagance just referred to need not of necessity assume any glaring form in order to become a serious drain. It will be found usually to take place in little things. The idle horse will get a little more oats than are really necessary. The store cattle, and even the beef cattle, will get, it may be more turnips than they can make good use of; and sheep which may be made to do very well on a moderate grain supplement will get an unnecessarily heavy one. Then there may be carelessness in the use of certain fodders that may be utilized. For instance, when roots are plentiful they may be so mixed with coarse fodders, as straw, where they are pulped, that more of the latter will be consumed, inasmuch that hay can altogether be dispensed with in feeding many kinds of stock. There is no reason why we should try to get rid of food simply because we have a plentiful supply. It would be much better in every way, if we do not want to dispose of the surplus, to husband a part of it to be used the following season. A season of abounding plenty is sometimes followed by one of shortage; nay, this is more likely to be so than the opposite.

Other things, however, bear upon economy in feeding as well as the mere careful dispensing of the food. The conditions in which animals are kept have an important bearing on this work. When not shielded from temperatures that are unduly low, and from storms that bring discomfort, there is a consumption of food that would not be necessary under other circumstances, and which is therefore a waste. Try to keep the live stock well protected, and we will thereby be enabled to save very much food.

Then, again, in high feeding especially but to some extent in all kinds of feeding, we should have a careful regard to what may be termed evenness of conditions. Removal of the live stock from one place to another may arrest progress for a time, and the same is true in regard to a sudden change of food, even though the change be from a weaker to a stronger ration. The instances bearing on this point cited by Professor W. A. Henry, in a recent article in the "Breeder's Gazette," are well worthy of careful perusal. The instance which he cites in regard to dogs chasing sheep when feeding on rape is very significant, since, although the sheep were not bitten by the dogs, their well-doing was so far interfered with as to render the experiment of feeding off the rape of but little value.

The individual wants of the animals should also be most carefully studied. To try to subject a row of animals feeding for a common object to the same rule of thumb conditions would be most

unwise. In fattening steers, for instance it may be found that one will not require so much meal as another. It should therefore be arranged that he will not get so much, where this is practicable. If it is not practicable, then he must get a less quantity of the whole ration than is given to the others, which means that the feeder must be content to have him move more slowly.

Most persons acknowledge that feeding to the extent of allowing food to remain in the mangers unconsumed is a mistake; and yet they oftentimes do this very thing which they acknowledge to be wrong. They should not allow themselves to err thus, even in a year of great plenty, for the whole of the extent of the injury does not arise simply from a loss of food, but the progress of the animals is positively hindered from the cloying of their appetites.

Feeding, therefore, should be made a careful study by those who engage in it. It should on no account be relegated to careless hands. The most successful feeders have made it a most careful study, or they could never otherwise have been successful. There is no branch of farming, perhaps, that is so ill-equipped at the present time as this one. And this remark has reference not only to conveniences for feeding, but also for the supply of well-furnished feeders. There is an opening here for young men who are anxious to get away from the farm which they would do well to consider. A really good feeder need never go begging for a situation, and this remark will remain applicable for very many years to come. Live Stock and Farm Journal.

His Friend (?) John.—He was having his fortune told. "I see," said the medium, "I see the name of John." "Yes," said the sitter. "The name seems to have given you a great deal of trouble." "It has," "This John is an intimate friend." "That's so." "And often leads you to do things you are sorry for." "True." "His influence over you is bad." Right again. "But you will soon have a quarrel." "I'm glad of that. Now spell out his whole name." The "medium" wrote some cabalistic words and handed it to him. "Do not read until you are at home," she said solemnly. "It is your friends whole name." When he reached home he lit the gas and read in picket-fence characters the name of his "friend"—"Demi John!"

DEATHS.

There have been no less than three deaths in this neighborhood the past few days. Mr. James Harrison of Minden, succumbed to an attack of La Grippe, aged 61 years. Mr. John S. Hill, also of Minden, aged 84 years and a daughter of Mr. S. Hughes of Gelert, aged 2 years.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE

Good Buildings Thereon.

Lot 6, Con. 5, (Scotch Line) Anson, 100 acres, about 60 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation, well watered and fenced; there is a Block Dwelling House 18 x 24 with frame addition 17 x 32 and verandahs. A first-class stone foundation under the buildings, and cellar full size of main building; there is besides the above the following buildings upon the premises, all of which are conveniently located.

Stone Milk House 11 x 13 ft. Inside
Log Barn - 24 x 54 "
Log Cow Shed 12 x 24 "
" " 12 x 20 "
Log Sheep Pen 12 x 15 "
Hewed Timber
Hog Pen - 16 x 16 "
New Frame Horse Stable with large Hay Loft, 20 x 30 ft. Inside.

A good show of iron on the lot and there is about 15 acres of fall plowing done. Will be sold cheap for cash, or a portion of the purchase money can remain for a time by giving proper security. Apply on the premises to

GEORGE SMITH

OR
JAMES SMITH,

Or if by correspondence, Box 87 Minden P.O.

For Service

On Lot 9, Con 5, Township of Stanhope, a thoro' bred Berkshire Boar, farrowed March 9th, 1891, bred by Mr. J. P. Shier, Cannington, with registered pedigree dating back for nine generations of both dam and sire; Terms one dollar and fifty cents, but if paid at time of service one dollar.

THOMAS MASON,
Proprietor.

Sudden Changes.

A cold, or exposure, many cause the poisonous acids in the blood to clog its circulation. This is rheumatism. Clark's Lightning Liniment will stop the pain at once. It should be taken both internally and externally if the attack is severe, and it affords instant relief. If the pain appears again, it should be met with the same treatment, until a cure is effected. This wonderful preparation has worked some remarkable cures among rheumatic sufferers. Where once tried, it is always used after. Sold by all druggists; price 50 cents. Clark Chemical Company Toronto, New York.

Scene at a base ball grounds: A ball was knocked sideways and caught on a fly. "Foul and out," was the cry of the umpire. A charming high school girl, looking at the game ejaculates: "Ah, really, how can it be a foul! I don't see any feathers." And she turned to the attendant with an inquiring look. "Well oh! Yes, you see, the reason you don't see any feathers is because it belongs to the picked nine."

"Hello o. n. n. ing?" "I should say I did. At seven-teen ducks in one day." "Were they wild?" "Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer that owned them was."

Uncle Rastus: "Ise afeard I ain't goin'ter hab no turkey fer mah Thanks-givin' dis year." Hooks: Why not Uncle Rastus? Are the prices too high for you? Uncle Rastus: "No sah; but de fences is."

Society: Little Chick—"What do you let that ugly little thing come under your wing for?" Old hen (who has inadvertently hatched a duck's egg)—"I can't help it, my dear; we've got to put up with the creature because she belongs to our set, you know."

Young Housewife—"How much is this turkey." Marketman—"Twenty-one cents a pound." Young Housewife: "And this?" Marketman—"Eighteen." Young Housewife—"What a difference I suppose it is because one is much smaller than the other."

Noice's Store

—FOR—

BARGAINS.

A large Stock of ready made CLOTHING, at greatly REDUCED PRICES.

Boots and Shoes,

Always the Best and the Cheapest.

Groceries,

New and Fresh, and a Large and Varied Stock Always on hand.

Flour,

Always bought by the Car, and lowest prices secured.

Cash paid for Oats, Peas and Pork.

E. NOICE

**DOMINION
ORGAN & PIANO CO.**

THE WORLD-RENOVED PRODUCTIONS OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH have honorably achieved fame in competition with the best instruments of other makers the world over, still stand in the

FRONT RANK

In Elegant and Chaste Design of Case, Beauty of Finish,

Solidity of Construction, and

Thoroughness of Workmanship.

Every Piano and Organ Warranted for Five Years.

Each Instrument has our Patented Mouse-Proof Attachment.

Inspection of the Dominion Pianos and Organs cordially invited. Descriptive Catalogues supplied upon application.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO Co.,

Bowmanville, Ont.

GELERT

CHEAP--STORE

NOW OPEN

FOR 30 DAYS WE WILL SELL CHEAP FOR CASH

25 lbs. bright sugar \$1.00 Best Bakers' Queen

20 lbs. white G. " 1.00 Flour for - - - 2.60

The best India Teas for 25c. lb.; the best 20c. Japan Tea in the County.

GROCERIES

A complete Stock of Fresh Goods always on hand, and we have the largest stock of Boots & Shoes in the County, which we will sell cheap for

Cash for the next 30 Days, and all kinds of Crockery &

Glassware, and Staple Goods. Our fall stock of

CHINA and GLASSWARE is of new and beautiful designs, and at such low prices as were never offered in GELERT before. Call and see our stock, no

trouble to show it. Cash paid for BUTTER and EGGS.

D. RICHARDSON & Co.

GELERT.

Provisional County of Haliburton.

TREASURER'S

Sale of Lands.

FOR TAXES.

PROVISIONAL COUNTY
—OF—
HALIBURTON
—TO WIT—

over upon the lands hereinafter mentioned and described, being in the Provisional County of Haliburton. These are therefore to give notice that unless the said taxes, together with all the lawful costs and charges be sooner paid, I shall on Tuesday, twenty-second day of March, 1892, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Town Hall, Minden, in the said Provisional County, proceed to sell by public auction the said lands, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge such arrears, and costs and charges incurred,

Description.	Lot.	Con.	Acres.	Taxes.	Costs.	Total.	Remarks.
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Township of Stanhope.

33	A	100	\$ 8 57	\$1 81	\$10 38	Unpatented
29	1	96	33 93	2 45	36 38	Patented
28	3	101	29 81	2 35	32 16	Unpatented.
31	6	100	31 42	2 39	33 81	Patented
24	7	100	34 20	2 46	37 76	Unpatented.

Township of Sherbornne.

5	A	68	16 67	2 02	18 69	Unpatented.
6	A	80	17 83	2 05	19 88	Unpatented.
28	11	100	29 04	2 33	31 37	Unpatented.
29	11	101	29 04	2 33	31 37	Unpatented.
North East Part	22	12	5	8 02	1 80	Patented
North Part	23	12	12	9 32	1 83	Patented

Township of Anson.

25	A	100	21 17	2 13	23 30	Patented
29	A	100	21 17	2 13	23 30	Patented
11	2	30	16 11	2 00	18 11	Unpatented.
8	3	99	35 85	2 50	38 35	Patented
9	6	100	19 25	2 08	21 33	Unpatented.
5	7	100	18 51	2 08	20 59	Unpatented.

Township of Hindon.

4	A	82	20 94	2 12	23 06	Patented
11	4	100	14 55	1 96	16 51	Unpatented.
12	4	100	14 55	1 96	16 51	Unpatented.

Township of Dysart.

24	5	102	17 39	2 03	19 42	Patented
22	7	95	57 32	3 03	60 35	Patented
23	7	50	22 07	2 17	24 84	Patented
South Half	9	11	57 96	3 05	61 01	Patented

Village of Haliburton.

Block 10	4	24	14 97	1 97	16 94	Patented
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Township of Glamorgan.

North Part	1	1	158	18 94	2 07	21 01	Patented
	7	1	113	51 85	2 90	54 75	Patented
	20	4	52	22 20	2 15	24 35	Patented
	31	6	100	34 15	2 45	36 60	Patented
South Part	28	9	50	4 62	1 72	5 34	Unpatented
	25	11	95	37 09	2 53	39 62	Patented
	29	11	100	8 05	1 80	9 85	Unpatented
	30	11	99	7 98	1 80	9 78	Unpatented.
	12	14	100	33 78	2 44	36 22	Unpatented.
	3	15	136	40 70	2 62	43 32	Unpatented.
	8	15	133	13 10	1 99	15 09	Unpatented.
	10	15	138	43 06	2 68	45 74	Unpatented.

Township of Minden.

4	9	100	25 80	2 26	28 12	Unpatented.
24	9	100	39 44	2 59	42 03	Patented
2	10	100	23 15	2 18	25 33	Unpatented.
3	11	100	23 15	2 18	25 33	Unpatented.
24	13	100	29 57	2 34	31 91	Unpatented.
31	13	100	29 17	2 33	31 50	Unpatented.

Township of Cardiff.

28	1	100	15 01	1 93	16 99	Unpatented.
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Township of Lutterworth.

7	1	75	34 95	2 48	37 43	Patented
8	1	46	26 94	2 27	29 21	Patented
9	1	66	30 58	2 36	32 94	Patented
20	12	99	33 54	2 44	35 98	Patented
19	13	100	20 37	2 11	22 48	Patented.
20	A	120	31 55	2 39	33 94	Patented
Island D. Gull Lake	7	14	14 61	1 97	16 58	Patented

Township of Snowdon.

7	1	110	40 93	2 62	43 55	Patented
8	1	110	40 93	2 62	43 55	Patented
19	1	65	24 24	2 21	26 45	Patented
18	3	100	27 45	2 29	29 74	Patented
24	3	100	34 22	2 46	36 68	Patented
25	4	100	35 55	2 49	38 04	Patented
27	4	100	39 95	2 60	42 55	Patented
21	12	100	30 20	2 30	32 50	Patented
20	12	100	16 41	2 01	18 42	Unpatented

M. BROWN, COUNTY TREASURER.

County Treasurer's Office, Minden, Dec. 12th, 1891.

The above list was first published in THE MINDEN ECHO, on the 18th day of Dec., 1891.

Bank of England Notes.

EVERY one may not know that the Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared, that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are counted and booked to each person whose hands they pass. They are made at Laverstock on the River Whit, in Hampshire by a family named Portal, descending from a French Huguenot refugee, and have been made by the same family for more than 150 years. They are printed within the building there being an elaborate arrangement for making them so that each note of the same denomination shall differ in some particular from the other.

Some Things the Perceptive Faculties Should be Taught to Do.

THE following list of questions, in the line of developing the perceptive faculties, has been compiled by Louis Stockton:—

When you go to your room at night can you walk directly to the match box and put your hand on it?

When you turn out your light and leave your room, do you have to fumble for the door, or can you go straight across the room and take hold of the knob?

Can you guess the height of a hat by sight?

Can you at night work among the trees without running into them, or keep the garden path as directly as you would were it daylight?

If you wish to estimate the size of anything, do you know enough of feet and inches to make a fair guess by simply looking at it? Can you calculate the weight of a book; a box of matches, a bat, a ball, a glass of water a letter, by holding it in your hand?

If you hear street cars, where there is a double track, can you tell by the sound which way they are coming?

If you are near a river, can you locate a steamboat by sound?

Can you use your knowledge of music in analyzing the progressions of a steam whistle? Can you tell on which tone it stops?

With your eyes shut, can you tell what kind of flower is put to your nose?

Can you tell from the bark of the trees the points of the compass?

Can you, by listening, tell what kind of a vehicle is coming, and how many horses are attached to it? Do you know the difference in sound made by four and by eight hoofs?

Can you match colors without samples; carry colors and shades in your memory?

By the touch only, can you tell which material is cotton, which is woolen? Can you from a bunch of different colored zephyrs pick out a black strand, keeping your eyes shut?

A Little Gardener.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

He was hard at work in the garden,
Though the day was very hot,
Busy planting and watering something
With his little sprinkling pot.

But he came in warm and breathless,
As the clocks were striking noon,
And startled me with the query,
"Will my cookies be up soon?"

Then, before I had time to ask him
What his funny question meant,
He went on and told me the labor,
On which all his thoughts were bent.

"I broke some cookies in pieces
And picked out the little seeds,
And I planted them in my garden
When I'd pulled up all the weeds.

I watered them very often—
Perhaps they're a little too wet—
For though I've watched every minute
Not one has come up yet!

I put on the dirt very lightly
So they'd hurry and come through,
And the very first cookie that blossoms
I'm going to pick for you.

I've got a few seeds left over,
Here in this little tin cup,
Mamma, don't you think by to-morrow
A few cookies will be up?

Such an earnest little gardener
It was hard to tell, indeed,
That the world has never tasted
Cookies made from caraway seed.

Agricultural Implements F. Co.

Representative Fithian (Illinois) to day introduced in the House a resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to report a bill at an early date placing all kinds of agricultural implements on the free list. A preamble to the resolution recites that it has been established by satisfactory evidence that manufacturers of farm implements in this country are selling farm implements abroad and to jobbers for export for a less price than is paid by farmers here. The preamble also recites that "under this system of plundering the farmers of our country," they are compelled to pay more for their implements than the farmers abroad, whose products are marketed in competition with the products of our farms, and that the duties upon farm implements are an unjust discrimination against American farmers for the benefit of farmers who do not need it, and is therefore legalized robbery. Mr. Fithian thinks his resolution should have the support of every Democratic representative from an agricultural district, and he has already received assurance of support from Congressmen Watson and his colleagues of the people's party in the House.

"My reason for the introduction of the resolution," said Mr. Fithian tonight, "is indicated by the resolution itself. It has often been asserted, and never successfully denied, that implements manufactured in the United States were sold to the foreign trade and to foreign farmers for less than the same are sold to our own farmers. During the last campaign in New York state I was informed by many farmers of St. Lawrence county, in that state, that implements manufactured in the United States, such as were used by the farmers of that county could be purchased much cheaper in Canada, just across the St. Lawrence river, than the same implements cost on the American side. There is no class of people of our country that have felt the unjust burdens of our present tariff system more than our farmers. I do not believe in attacking the McKinley Bill by piecemeal, but if that is to be the policy I know of no better way to attack it than by placing farm implements on the free list. Mr. A. B. Farquhar, an implement manufacturer of York, Pa., has admitted that American-made implements are sold to foreigners cheaper than they are sold to our own farmers. He says, in answering questions submitted to him as to how this was done "We receive the prices current in the markets in which we sell. We can get more, and could not be expected to take less. If it is true as Mr. Farquhar asserts that implements made here are sold for less to foreign farmers than to our own farmers, does it not demonstrate that our manufacturers of implements are not in need of protection? I believe that all raw material should go on the free list."

Chairman Springer, of the Ways and Means Committee, was not prepared to say that the committee would receive favorably Mr. Fithian's resolution as an independent resolution. "The revision of the metal and lumber schedule," said he, "is involved in dealing with the rates on farm implements, as iron and lumber are the materials from which farm implements are manufactured. If lumber and the raw material from which iron and steel are made are put upon the free list, there ought to be a large reduction in the duties on farm implements. It would not do, however, to put finished products on the free list, and leave the raw material still subject to a tax. This would simply drive the manufacturers of such products out of the country."

SILVER MOUNTAIN.

JANUARY 27, 1892.

DEAR EDITOR,—I do not see much news from your correspondent of camp No. 2. There is not much news anywhere, but I thought I would write and let you know that we were alive and doing well; we are not frozen up as yet by the cold west wind as some of the young men down there were afraid of the cold weather; an old settler told me the hardest was over. The month of December came in as fine as any morning in September, on the second and third we had very heavy rain and on the 15th we had a light fall of snow and on the 21st another fall making about 6 inches in all; the weather was then fine till Christmas Day which came in dull but mostly all the boys left camp to have a little fun and they seemed to enjoy themselves but it started to snow about 5 o'clock and continued all night, and at any time during the night you could see a man steal in and like Santa Claus was to fill our socks with whiskey, they conducted themselves in good style and were orderly. There are three taverns on White Fish Lake a distance of 7 miles from here but there is a living for them all; Mr. McKenzie runs about the best hotel around here and provided a free dinner and supper for all who came there. The weather after Christmas kept getting colder every day until Tuesday 15th when the thermometer stood at 44 below zero and it did not appear any colder than our 26 below; it is a steady cold, dry and clear and seldom a snow storm and then it is light. I like the weather of this country very well, it has been very mild the past few days and the sun is very strong and it is hard on weak eyes by causing snow blindness. It was thought it would take until April to finish our contract of five millions, but our timber is turning out better than at the start and George Dunbar will quit cutting this week, he is foreman of camp No. 1. Mr. H. McIntosh started to draw logs on Saturday the 16th, we have not started to draw logs yet but are getting ready fast our sleighs being put in shape to-day. The boys from your locality are hail and hearty. I was speaking to Mr. George Hurd on Sunday he looks well, the climate does not trouble the boys from the northern country. Mr. Duncan Gillespie of Norland has been laid up the past few days with a cold and general weakness. We are well provided for up here and have everything we require and as good as can be got from Toronto to Port Arthur.

BEATTY'S Organs ARE THE BEST.

Write for Catalogue.
DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

\$5,500. 150 acres; 150 cleared; soil hills or swamp; good house; good barn; market town with railway 2 1/2 miles. 795

\$7,900. 175 acres; 100 cleared, balance mostly hardwood; soil best clay loam; no stones; hills or swamp; large market town with railway on lake shore only 3 miles. 465

\$8,500. 195 acres; 140 cleared, balance mixed timber; soil good; no stones, hills or swamp; very fine house and large bank barn; adjoining large town with good market and railways. 666

\$8,000. 150 acres; 120 cleared, 30 valuable hardwood bush; soil best clay loam, no stones, swamp or hills; new brick house; good barn; 2 miles from large market town with a railway; said to be worth \$8,700. 767

\$3,000. 100 acres; 80 cleared, rest timber; soil good clay loam; no stones, hills or swamp; small buildings; 3 1/2 miles from large town with market and two railways; great bargain. 755

\$3,900. 100 acres; 90 cleared; 10 fine bush; soil best clay loam, no stones, swamp or hills; small buildings; large market town with railway 2 1/2 miles. 601

\$3,000. 100 acres; 80 cleared, balance mixed timber; soil clay loam, no stones, hills or swamp; good house and barn; market with railway 1 mile; large town 6 miles. 618

\$6,800. 125 acres; 120 cleared; soil best clay loam; no swamp stones or hills; brick house and large barn; two market towns with a railway stations within 4 miles; great bargain; in close estate. 750

\$3,800. 100 acres; 90 cleared, 10 bush; soil best clay loam; no hills, stones or swamp; large fresh water lake is boundary at back end; good house and barn; market town with railway 5 miles. 601

\$7,000. 205 acres; 90 cleared, rest hardwood bush; no stones, hills or swamp; good house and barn; a village 1 mile, market town with railway 8 miles. 591

\$3,200. 100 acres; 90 cleared; soil best clay loam, no stones, hills or swamp; good house and barn; market town with railway 4 miles, and another market town with railway 7 miles. 671

\$5,900. 165 acres; 150 cleared, 15 hardwood bush; soil best clay loam; no stones, hill or swamp; good house; small barn; market with railway 1 mile and large town 6 miles. 619

\$2,800. 65 acres; 60 cleared, 5 slash; soil light clay loam; no stones, hills or swamp; good house and barn; large market town and a railways 2 miles. 750

\$2,800. 50 acres; all cleared; good brick house; good barn; soil clay loam; 1 mile from town with a railway; no stones, swamp or hills. 740

\$5,200. 100 acres; 85 cleared, 15 hardwood; soil best clay loam; no stones, hills or swamp; fine brick house and large bank barn; market town with railway 2 miles. 701

\$9,800. 300 acres; 180 cleared, 120 slash; soil best clay loam; no stones, swamp or hills; 2 sets of fine building; a bank barn and a good house; market town with railway 2 miles; can be divided. 361 66

\$21,000. Only \$1,000 cash, balance payable to suit purchaser; 300 acres, nearly all cleared; soil best clay loam; no stones, hills or swamp; fine buildings that cost \$10,000; this farm adjoins the City of Guelph and is one of the best grain and stock farms of its size in Ontario. 876

\$20,500. 450 acres in block; 360 cleared; 90 very fine valuable hardwood bush; 3 sets of fine buildings; a bank barn; 2 fine new brick dwellings; only 2 miles from good market town with railways; soil best clay loam, no stones, hills or swamp; best large farm in the county; only \$5,000 cash required; a fenced into 3 farms, 200 acres, 150 acres, and 100 acres; will be sold separately or together; great bargain. 861

Intending buyers are invited to call at this office or send a card to John J. Daly & Co., Guelph, P. O., for their "Canadian Farm Advertiser." Then they will guarantee expenses and send money, if required, on above conditions.

BEATTY'S Pianos

IN USE EVERYWHERE
Write for Catalogue.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

Team For Sale

A SPAN of 5 year old horses, a good heavy team, sound and gentle in harness, fit for lumbering or any other work, being good roadsters, will be sold cheap for cash, or would take a pair of colts rising 2 years old in part payment. This is a good chance for any person wanting a really good team.

Apply to GEORGE SMITH,
14 tf Scotch Line, Anson.

PUMPS.

I beg leave to say that I have started the manufacture of Pumps with turned heads and Pipe. Timber all steamed, thus taking the sap out and preventing it from spoiling the taste of the water. I make a hardwood, or galvanized steel lined cylinder, according to your wish and attend to the repairing all makes of pumps.

Terms moderate Give me a call.

J. H. DAVID,
Ingoldby.

Valuable Improved Farm FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale on easy terms, Lots 12, 13 & 14, Concession A, in the Township of Anson, containing 246 acres with large clearing and a never failing spring creek flowing through the property, which is situated within 2 1/2 miles of the village of Minden, within half a mile of a good school and a mile and a half of a cheese factory, on good leading road.

There is a good hewed log dwelling house on the property 32 x 26 with addition 22 x 16, log barn 66 x 26, stable 22 x 16, shed 37 x 16, all well roofed and shingled.

This would make a first-class stock or dairy farm and will be sold on terms of easy payment, for further particulars apply to

RICHARD LINDSAY,
11 Minden P.O.

TAILORING!

—IT WILL—

PAY YOU TO GIVE ME A CALL

ERE YOU ORDER YOUR Fall & Winter Suits

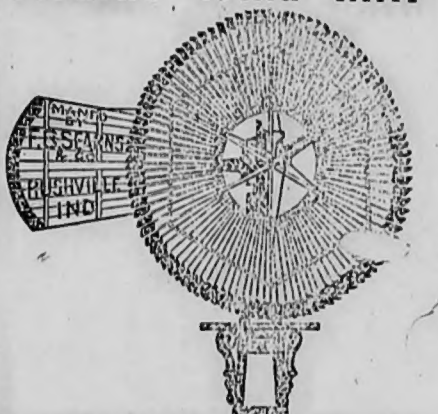
G. ROWLISON,
KINMOUNT.

Improved Yorkshire Boar.

FOR SERVICE
This is the breed of hog which dressing from six to eight hundred pounds is put on the market by English farmers. Terms: \$2.00; if paid at time of service \$1.00. Thoroughbred

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Rushville, Ind., U. S. A.

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MIDENIECHO

12/2/1992

891.44

A BARITONE'S DEVOTION; OR A TALE OF SUNNY ITALY.

"I tell you," urged the old man, "that Italian opera is dying—dying for want of fit exponents. There is scarcely a man whom one cares to listen to, and it will never be kept alive by two or three *prime donne*. You might revive it, and you you hesitate. *Corpo di Bacco!* Is it that you are unaware of your gifts? Is it that your vanity is to prove the bane of your life and the destruction of my hopes? Listen to me—it is the plain truth I am telling you, and you well know I never flatter. For years upon years Italy has produced no great tenor, or baritone, or bass; now she has produced you; and, if you work well, you will be the first singer in Europe. Italy has produced you, and then you persist in hiding your light under a bushel! *Diavolo!* 'tis enough to try the patience of a saint!"

"Dear maestro," said Carlo, with a faint smile, "what can I do more than promise to consider this offer? How can you expect me to decide all in a moment? Ah!"—a quick sigh escaped him—"Do you not see that it will involve?"

"Hein! What it will involve? Why, you understand that it might postpone your marriage for a time. Art demands some sacrifice."

"And what right have I to sacrifice Francesca's happiness? To a duty perhaps even that might be right, but to a dream of fame—never!" He laughed; the idea, when put into words, seemed to him so preposterous.

"Happiness be damned!" cried Piale, with righteous indignation. "I have yet to learn that Italy produced you, and England produced Miss Britton, that you might be happy. And do I not know Miss Britton? Can I for one moment dream that she would wish to hold you back? Why, by all saints, no! My dear boy, you are young—young. Believe me, a girl is always willing to wait when the good of her lover is in question. As to Captain Britton, he can't have lived all these years in Italy and yet retain his Puritan notions in all their strictness. He may object at first, but, hearing all the circumstances of the case, he will soon give way. Courage, Carlo mio! For a great gain, a momentary sacrifice!"

"Perhaps it was the word 'momentary' which showed Carlo plainly what he had before felt dimly, that Piale knew nothing whatever about the sacrifice in question. Much as he loved the old man, he could bear his presence no longer, but hastily took leave with a few incoherent words about 'time,' and 'thinking it over.' He fled from the old singing-master as those in trouble or perplexity always do flee from glib talk. It is the one intolerable thing, as exasperating to the nineteenth-century man as the glib talk of Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar was to poor Job."

"Momentary, indeed! A momentary sacrifice!" The idea made him indignant and yet pitiful. Had Piale lost his manhood in his art-life? Had he no little conception of what it was to love that he could speak thus? And then he tried to imagine to himself the fulfillment of the maestro's wish; he had a vision of himself, old and gray-headed, enjoying the scene of his fame and his world-wide reputation, and calmly advising some other in the heyday of youth to renounce love and happiness.

It was not till he was confronted by a huge poster, in which the name of Madame Merlino and Comerio shone out conspicuously, that he once more perceived the true facts of the case. This was no question between the merits of marriage and of art-life; it was the question whether he should choose happiness for Francesca and himself, or choose the possibility of saving his sister. Life is made up of such decisions—some of them petty, some of them overwhelmingly great, but all of them momentous. He hated the thought of the choice, long to gain without losing, hope to triumph without sacrifice, strive and struggle and fret in the vain effort to break through the inexorable law that those who find their life must first lose it. Truly, "men are not more willing to live the life of the crucified."

Again those words returned to Carlo's mind; they grated upon him even more than when he had first heard them spoken—perhaps because, while far from understanding them, he began vaguely to perceive their drift. He saw a dim, distasteful vision of self-renunciation; he did not see that true self-renunciation implies the peace-giving presence of one in whose service we renounce.

While he was still all confused and agitated by this inward conflict, he was waylaid by Herr Ritter.

"Whither away?" exclaimed the old man, kindly. "You are never thinking of going to Pozzuoli in this heat. Come home with me; it is long since I saw you. You are looking fagged, Carlo."

Recollecting the obligation he was under to Enrico's father, Carlo felt that it would not do to refuse his hospitality, though, truth to tell, he had never felt less inclined for a visit to the kind German household. Ho, the laughter-loving, felt that he could not endure the sound of laughter; he, the impulsive and unreflecting, had actually come to such a point that he desired nothing so much as quiet and solitude to think out this great question.

He did not get much quiet in the Ritter household, but he met with that hearty, vociferous kindness which Enrico's family knew so well how to bestow. Frau Ritter had never before been so motherly, the daughters of the house never so anxious to do what they could for him. Enrico himself was unusually silent; he watched his friend narrowly, perceiving from his face that matters must be worse rather than better since their last meeting. Possibly, however, the parting with his sister might account for the troubled expression he bore; and when, after dinner, the two friends were left alone, Enrico turned eagerly to the subject which the others had studiously avoided.

"Madame Merlino has left you, I suppose?" he began. "She makes her first appearance to-night, I see."

"She left this morning," said Carlo, "and sings to-night in 'Don Giovanni.'"

"Why should you go back to the empty house? Spend the night here," suggested Enrico.

Carlo hesitated.

"It would be my best chance of seeing Comerio," he said, thoughtfully.

"How do you mean?"

"If I slept here and went this evening to the *Mercadante*."

"Grand Dio! It would scarcely be an

enjoyable evening for you, my friend."

Carlo made an expressive gesture with his shoulders.

"Perhaps not, but I should see him and be able to judge better what to do at."

"You have not heard then, of the baritone fit to step into his shoes?"

"I have heard of one, but it is doubtful whether he will accept Merlino's offer."

"What! Has it gone so far as that? Actually an offer? Come, the clouds begin to disperse! Once get that scamp ousted and your troubles are over."

Carlo was silent. In his heart he thought they would be, not over, but just begun. He had not yet told Enrico of Piale's little plot, for he knew that his friend would favor no plan likely to make him unhappy, and felt that he was not yet strong enough to stand arguments for the side on which he was already biased.

"Well, I will stay the night since you ask me," he said at length. "Will you come with me to 'Don Giovanni'?"

"Yes, if you are indeed bent on going. Your presence will be commented on, though. You see it is so soon after—" he broke off in confusion, adding, after a pause, "And you see every one will be there to-night, for Madame Merlino's first appearance has been much talked of. Your going may be misunderstood."

"Oh, sara sara," said Carlo, with a quick sigh. "Enough, I shall go; let us say no more about it."

CHAPTER IX.

As Enrico had predicted, the Theatre *Mercadante* was crowded. Not only was it the opening night, but the Neapolitan world was anxious to see the new *prima donna*, this girl of good birth and breeding, who had outraged all the proprieties and eloped with her singing-master. Had it not been for his inward consciousness that there was something much worse than people might ever long say of his sister, Carlo could not have endured all that he was that night fated to overhear. On every side people discussed the Merlino-Donati scandal; but though he winced under it, the dread of the future deadened the recollection of the past, the new danger eclipsed the old shame.

He sat as though in a bad dream, waiting for the curtain to rise and disclose to him the face of this enemy of his peace; so engrossed was he with his thought that he scarcely heard the overture. He wanted to meet his foe face to face, and with a sort of shudder he reflected that in a very short time it was possible that he himself might be standing on that very stage whence Leporello was now descending upon his master's vices. A moment more and Comerio, the Don Giovanni of the evening, would appear. Carlo breathed hard, drew himself together, and waited through moments which seemed like hours. Curiously enough, the first sight of his foe relieved him; he was a small-made, supple-looking man, with very white taper hands, and a face which at that distance looked refined—much too refined for a Don Giovanni. He sang rather well, but his acting was so execrable that Carlo forgot everything in a longing desire to substitute something lifelike for the ludicrous throwing up of hands which seemed to be Comerio's idea of dramatic art. Never once was it possible to think of him as anything but Comerio, the baritone; he walked through his part and threw about his arms very freely, that was all. And yet his complete failure as an actor was in Carlo's favor. He wanted to study the man, not to enjoy the opera, and since Comerio had no notion of throwing himself into his part, the opera was as good a time to study his own character as any other.

The music was poisoned to him that night and he could hardly endure the repetition of "La ci darem," which roused the audience to enthusiasm. He never spoke once to Enrico, who for his part could only speculate as to his friend's feelings, for Carlo showed no other sign of agitation than a slightly heightened color, sat out the opera, and greeted two or three friends whom they encountered afterward quite in his usual manner. Only one thing seemed ominous, because it was unnatural, and that was his silence. It grew so burdensome as they walked home that at last Enrico broke the ice with an outspoken question, "Well, what do you think of him?"

"I don't know—I can hardly tell—my head aches too much," said Carlo, in a voice which betrayed so much suffering that his friend ventured no more inquiries, and was glad enough when they reached home. "I shall think things out better to-morrow," were his last words that night. But when the morning came he was incapable of thinking at all, and could only lie still and endure the worst headache he had ever had in his life; while, as though to torture him yet more, "La ci darem" rang perpetually in his ears.

On the Saturday he woke to the consciousness that the pain was over, that his brain was clear once more, and that he must no longer postpone the decision upon which so much depended. But Frau Ritter absolutely refused to allow him to go home till the heat of the day was over; and it was not until late that he managed to escape from his kindly nurses, and, taking a boat at the Pillero, made his way home. He felt much shaken by all that he had been through, and would fain have given himself up to the refreshment of the sweet June evening, turning his back on the threatening future, and getting what pleasure he could from the beautiful bay which was so familiar and so dear to him. But something warned him that now was his time, that he was not likely again to have such uninterrupted quiet.

For a while all went well. The pretty scene in which Zerlina made her first appearance amid the crowd of merry peasants could not have been better chosen for Anita's debut. She looked so charming and sang so well that she won all hearts; and even Carlo felt a thrill of pride and pleasure as he listened to her sweet, bird-like notes in the duet with Masetto, a part which was well filled by Merlino himself.

But his pleasure was of short duration. All his miserable apprehension returned the instant Comerio was on the stage again. To see him make love to Anita was more than he could endure.

Next day the newspapers were warm in their praise as to the acting in the scenes between Don Giovanni and Zerlina; but Carlo knew that this was just the one part of the opera in which there had been no attempt at acting.

Resolutely he went over in his mind all that there was to be said on either side of

the question. What course would Captain Britton take? Would he not justly complain of an arrangement which must indefinitely postpone his daughter's marriage? Would he not be wrathful at his choice of such a profession? And how was he to explain to him that choice without altogether betraying Nita's story? Again, there was the profession itself. Piale thought only of the reputation he would some day gain, but Carlo, not unnaturally, thought of the reputation he would lose. He knew quite well how his friends would regard his choice; he could imagine the expression of Uncle Guido's face as he exclaimed: "What! a Donati turn actor?"

And then there was Francesca. His breast heaved, his eyes grew dim; had it not been for the presence of the boatman he would have given way and sobbed aloud. And yet Piale was right as far as that went. Once convinced that he might really save Nita, Francesca would be the first to bid him go; once sure that he was doing what he thought right, she would bid him god-speed and bear the pain like a little heroine.

With him rested the real difficulty, the terrible decision, Was he to give her this pain to bear?"

"There will be stormy weather to-night, signor," said the boatman, turning round in his seat to glance out seaward as they rounded Posillipo.

This remark diverted Carlo's thoughts for a moment. The sea was like glass; far away in the distance he could see a yacht lying becalmed, her beautiful white sails flapping idly as she rolled.

The sunset was just over, and already the brief twilight was fading away, the summer night beginning, and after the sultry, almost breathless day, a cool wind was springing up; on the horizon could be seen the dark line which showed that a change was coming, and that the time of calm inaction was over.

Was it not like his life? He had had his days of ease, his smooth, uneventful days, with nothing to mar the tranquil happiness. Then there had arisen the dark foreboding of coming trouble, and now the storm had broken. Was he to choose this life of perpetual storm? Or might he not seek the tranquil haven where he longed to be? Must he indeed go forth into a world so uncongenial—into a strife so distasteful?

He was not indolent by nature, he was not selfish; but he had, in a marked degree, that Italian hatred of storm and struggle which to a northern nature is so incomprehensible. To go out into a life of perpetual temptation—a life likely to be full of provocations to the temper—this was harder to him than to most men, for he dreaded nothing so much as losing his self-control. What if he should accept this offer, go forth as Nita's preserver, and then fall himself? In that case, indeed, all would have been lost, honor included. He could not risk all this for a mere hope—a mere chance. It could not surely be expected of a man that he should give up his home, his prospects of marriage, his profession, everything that he cared for, all for the sake of saving one woman? No, it certainly could not be expected! Why, the world would laugh at such a notion.

Had any other man put such a case to him, he, too, would have smiled at it, and called the proposer of such folly a mere Quixote. How foolish the old boatman would think him if he steered this frail little boat out into the troubled waters yonder instead of making all speed to guide it to the shore. He shivered slightly, threw his cloak across his chest, and, for the sake of a change of thought, began to abuse old Frau Ritter for having delayed his return so long, and in her dread of sunshine brought him in for the risk of malaria. But above it all floated the perverse voice which would not leave him unmolested. "Men are not more willing to live the life of the crucified." He left off abusing Frau Ritter, and began to hum a song, but naturally enough chanced to begin with an air from "Don Giovanni." The voice he longed to drown spoke more and more clearly. Well, "Don Giovanni" was poisoned for him; he must eschew it in future. And forthwith he strove to drive the unpleasant thoughts connected with it from his mind with the first snatch of song which came to his head. Out into the summer night rang the noble, impassioned address of Valentino to Mephistopheles:

"La croce del demon tuoi di guarda!"

The scene in the opera rose vividly before him; the soldier, with his cross-handled sword uplifted, boldly confronting the devil who so lately had worsted him, but who now shrank back helpless and trembling. Good heavens! and he had sought to drown the voice of God in his heart by those very words, had sought to drive back the good and to give place to the evil.

A horror of great darkness fell upon him. It was the crisis of his whole life. Afterward, when he recalled the past anguish he recalled with it those sombre surroundings; the purple waters, the great dark cloud drawing nearer and nearer, the hopeless gloom of the night broken only by the light on Cape Miseno and the red light on the side of the yacht. Not a sound was to be heard save the splashing of the oars, and now and then a sort of hoarse shout in the distance, probably the yacht's captain giving orders to his crew, but to Carlo the silence was tumult. He was sailor enough to know that in a few minutes the storm would be upon them. That mattered little, for they were close to the shore; it was the tumult in his own heart which absorbed him.

Vaguely, and as if from a great distance, he heard the boatmen giving thanks to San Gennaro that they were safely in before the squall; he had indistinct recollections of paying the man a double fare and bidding him seek shelter for the night at Florestano's hut, then plunging wildly on through the darkness, across the beach, up the hill among the dusky vines, his pain increased by a consciousness, that when he had last trodden that path it had been with Francesca. Was it to be thus with his life? Must he content himself with a memory of the briefest snatch of happiness ever given to man, and toil on through long solitary years over the rough and stony paths of publicity? It was impossible—impossible! He rushed on yet faster, as though by rapid motion he could escape from the tyranny of an idea.

Just as he reached the olive-garden the storm suddenly broke. The wind raged over the land, tossing the trees wildly to and fro; the rain came down in torrents, the lightning cast its angry gleam across the heaving sea, and the awaying boughs, and the wet, shining shore. Carlo threw himself down on the ground, beneath the thickest of the olive-trees, seeking at once

shelter from the outward storm and help in the inward struggle. He would no longer flee from the voice that had haunted him; he would listen to it—would try to understand it. What was the life of the Crucified?

All his soul went into the question, and the confusion within him seemed to lessen as he waited for the answer, which framed itself to him amid the raging of the wind and the dull roar of the thunder, something after this fashion:

The life of the Crucified was lived by One who delighted to do God's will. He did not exclude pleasure, or morbidly delight in pain; it was just that He did not think about pleasing Himself at all. He took the bitter and the sweet as they were sent, and delighted in them because He knew the Sender, who sought only the good of all men. This is the life of the Crucified. You think happiness is to please yourself; it is not that at all, it is to delight in doing His will.

"Lord," he sobbed, "I am not willing—it is true—I am not willing to live Thy life. Save me from my selfishness! 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver me.'"

He repeated the familiar words again and again, hardly conscious of what he was saying, yet in his anguish finding them a sort of relief. And presently, either the words or his own surroundings brought to his mind what the greatest of modern atheists once termed, with an involuntary softening of the voice, "That terrible garden-scene." There had been a struggle—an agony—for the Son of God Himself. He, too, knew what it cost deliberately to take the course which must bring bitter grief to those who loved Him. He, too, knew how human nature shrank from isolation, from misconception. Every temptation now assailing him had also assailed the Son who learned obedience by the things which He suffered.

And just as a child will for very awe forget its little griefs when brought face to face with the great grief of its parents, so Carlo lost sight for a time of his own pain, that past scene becoming far more real to him than the bitter present. The tears welled from his first by his own anguish fell now for another.

"Lord," he sobbed, "it cannot be that I am willing that Thou shouldst be crucified afresh—put to open shame—while I live here in this paradise! Anything rather than that! Lord, choose for me what Thou wilt. My spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak. 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver me.'"

An hour later the brief Mediterranean storm was over, the stars were shining, the yacht was on her course once more, her white sails spread to catch the softened breeze.

Then Carlo rose to his feet and went on his way.

CHAPTER X.

"Very odd of Carlo not to come in to-day," remarked Captain Britton from the depths of his easy chair. "I suppose the heat was too much for him. Have you heard from him, Fran?"

"I had a little note from him yesterday, father, only to say that he wasn't well, and that the Ritters insisted on keeping him, but that he would be sure to be at home again on Saturday. I dare say Frau Ritter made him stay; it was so sultry, you know, and since Herr Ritter's illness she is always in terror of sunstrokes."

"Well, one thing is, this thunderstorm will clear the air," said the captain, rubbing his large hands together contentedly. "If I could be sure your uncle was safely in port, I should feel more comfortable, though. What did I do with his letter? Ah, here it is! 'The yacht is to leave Lohore on Wednesday,' he says. They certainly ought to be at Naples by this time."

"I looked out for the Pilgrim yesterday," said Francesca, "but to-day I forgot all about it. How I wish Clara and the girls were coming too; it was very benighted of them to like a stupid visit to the North Cape better than a cruise in the Mediterranean."

"No accounting for tastes," said the captain, smiling. "If it were not for this engagement of yours, I should feel sorely tempted to get your uncle to give me a berth. There is nothing, after all, like the sea. You smile, Fran. Why, bless your dear little heart! I wasn't wishing things otherwise with you and Carlo. On the contrary, I think the sooner you are married and settled the better for both of you. He has looked sadly worn and out of spirits lately, poor fellow."

"There has been so much to trouble him," said Francesca, with a sigh.

"Ay, and he is unfit to be left alone in that dreary house. Really, I don't see why there should be any more delay. Now that he has got rid of that sister of his, why shouldn't you be married quietly and have done with it? No disrespect to the mother in that, poor soul. Why, it is the thing of all others she would have wished. I tell you what, Fran, here is such a chance as is never likely to come again. Your uncle is unexpectedly coming out here; he is sure to give at least a week to Naples—why should we not have your wedding while he is here? Upon my word"—he rubbed his hands with greater satisfaction than before—"that's the happiest notion that has come to me for a long time, Fran. You and Carlo shall be packed off on your honeymoon, Sibyl and I will console ourselves with a cruise in the Pilgrim, and we'll all forget that provoking Madame Merlino, who has made such a storm in a teacup."

Francesca blushed vividly.

"If you really think—if Carlo—" she broke off, in confusion.

Captain Britton patted her head caressingly. "Why, of course, my love, of course I would take good care that Carlo thought the suggestion his own. To prolong the engagement would be bad for both of you. Nothing in the world more trying than long engagements. Not that you are to think I am in any hurry to get rid of you; but, after all, we shall scarcely be separated, and an engagement is somehow neither one thing nor the other. I should like to see you married, my dear; this sad affair of poor Carlo's has been an annoyance to me—such things are unsettling; they interrupt the steady routine of daily life. I confess I shall be glad to go away for a time with your uncle, and then, later on, to come back and begin our ordinary life once more."

Francesca felt like a catrubbed the wrong way, but knowing that the rubber meant it all very kindly she bore it with composure.

"A cruise in the Pilgrim would be the

best possible change for you, she said, laughing lightly, though not altogether without an effort. "I shall go and see if she is anywhere to be seen; and really, since you are in such a hurry to be off, I shall have to think about my wedding-dress."

Glad to put an end to the conversation, she crossed the room, threw open the window, and stepped out into the *loggia*. The night was deliciously fresh after the storm; she felt an inexpressible sense of freedom and relief as she closed the window behind her, and drank in deep draughts of the cool, moist air. Though her father's words had grated upon her, there was, nevertheless, a certain amount of truth in them which she could not but recognize. She, too, had that longing to go away, to escape from the scene of all the trouble and sorrow which had lately invaded their home. It would be like escaping from the hot, lamp-lit drawing-room into this cool out-of-doors. And then, perhaps Carlo would begin to be himself again. Surely, though she had not liked the way in which the idea was expressed, the idea itself was a good one. They would go away—right away from Naples—away from the region of theaters—away from all that could recall Carlo's loss, and she would comfort him. Then, later on, they would induce Merlino to let Anita come to them; she should stay with them at the Villa Bruno, should be made perfectly happy, should have all kinds of little English comforts which would be new and delightful to her after her wandering life. And so her troubles should somehow conveniently disappear, and she should find that their home was her home. If her trouble was connected with money—as Francesca fancied, why then Carlo would somehow manage to clear off her debts, and she, too, should start life afresh, and they would all live happily ever after. So she dreamed in her girlish fashion, knowing nothing of the real state of the case, only fully convinced that this dreary state of things could not last forever, that somehow it would all come right in the end like the books. And in that belief no doubt she was right; wrong only in this, that "coming right in the end" meant to her coming right in these three score years and ten.

To be married, perhaps, next week! How calmly her father had suggested the idea, and how her heart throbbed as she recalled his words! She would lay aside her mourning for that one day, would be dressed, spite of the sadness which had heralded in her marriage, "as a bride adorned for her husband," and therewith she began, after the manner of girls, to picture the dress to herself; it should be long and white and shining; and as for orange-blossom, why there was no lack of that in the garden, always supposing this heavy rain had not dashed it. Thinking of the orange-blossom, she turned from those inward visions, and looked down into the dusky mass of trees and shrubs below, starting a little at night of some one approaching, but quickly recognizing her lover.

"Carlo! why, Carlo! is it really you?" she exclaimed, an ecstasy of happiness in her voice, for she had not in the least expected him.

He looked up. She was leaning on the rail of the *loggia* among the climbing roses, her eyes bright with joy, her sweet face a little flushed, her white neck and arms gleaming through the black lace of her dress. He trembled from head to foot. It was too late now to tell her all—and had he strength to meet her? Would it not be better just to kiss that hand resting on the white balustrade, and excuse himself for the evening? But Francesca, who had never since her betrothal been so long parted from her lover, turned and flew down the steps to meet him.

"Oh, I had quite given you up, darling!" she cried. "And are you really well again quite well?"

A terrible pang rent his heart, but he trembled no more; all the man in him rose up to meet this sore trial.

"Quite well, *carina*; only wet through, and not fit to touch you," he said; and by an impulse which he could hardly have explained he checked the hands which were stealing round his neck, drew them down, and held them fast in his while he bent forward and kissed her.

A shade passed over her face. Why did he stop to think about his clothes? What lover overdeigned to bestow a thought on such prudent considerations?

He read her thoughts in a glance, and therewith saw a vision of the future—the shadow deepening on that dear face, the eyes dim with tears, the brow contracted with pain. To hide his agony from her he let his head drop forward, resting his burning forehead on her shoulder.

"I have been so dreadfully anxious, Carlo," she said. "And oh, it is so beautiful to have you back again!"

He did not speak, only his old hands held hers more tightly; his face was hidden on her breast. But though he could hide from her the sight of his anguish, he could not deceive her; she knew intuitively that it was no physical pain which made a man like Carlo bow his head like one overwhelmed. It must surely be that he was thinking of his mother—and it must have been terribly dreary coming back from Naples that stormy evening—coming back for the first time to the empty house.

"My own dear one," she said, all the deep tenderness in her heart stealing into her voice, "you'll not shut me out from your sorrow? What is yours is mine, Carlo. I was so happy when I saw you, I forgot what a sad home-coming it must be. But, darling, it wasn't that I forgot her, for I, too, loved her."

"Pray that I may keep my promise to her," he whispered. "Pray! pray!"

There was a silence. The tears welled up in Francesca's eyes, not because she understood his sorrow, but because the sorrow was his, and because she loved him. She prayed obediently, like a little child. After awhile he raised his head, looked for a moment into her eyes, then pressed his lips to hers in a long, lingering kiss.

He watched her up the marble steps, then turned away, walked home through the wet garden paths. "And even in his great sadness he could not but smile faintly as he reflected what Piale's feelings would be could he now see him, cold and weary, and wet to the skin. The singer keeps his shop in his throat," he said to himself, with a pathetic little effort to persuade himself that he was now quite accustomed to the idea. "I must not indulge any more in evening storms."

(To be continued.)

MINDENIECHO

12-1-1902

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A Convalescent Gripster.

The gods let slip that diabolical grip
Upon me last week Sunday
No fiercer storm than raked my form
Ere swept the bay of Funday;
But now, good-bye
To drugs, say I—
Good-bye to gnawing sorrow
I'm up to-day,
And whoop, hooray!
I'm going out to-morrow.

What aches and pain in bone and brain
I had I need not mention;
It seemed to me such pangs must be
Of Satan's own invention.
Albeit I
Was sure I'd die,
The doctor reassured me—
And, true enough,
With his vile stuff,
He ultimately cured me.

As there I lay in bed all day,
How fair outside looked to me!
A smile so mild old Nature smiled
It seemed to warm clean through me.
In chastened mood
The scene I viewed,
Inventing, sadly solus,
Fantastic rhymes
Between the times
I had to take a bolus.

Of quinine slugs and other drugs
I guess I took a million—
Such drugs as serve to set each nerve
To dancing a collicion;
The doctors say
The only way
To rout the grip instant
Is to pour in
All kinds of sin—
Similitus curantur.

'Twas hard, and yet I'll soon forget
Those ills and cures distressing;
One's future lies 'neath gorgeous skies
When one is convalescing!
So now, good-bye
To drugs, say I—
Good-bye, thou phantom Sorrow!
I'm up to-day,
And whoop, hooray!
I'm going out to-morrow.

Mosses From an Old Manse.

(By Geo. Thos. Dowling, D. D.)

The minister's wife had just finished her
chores.
By calling on all the church people;
And some she'd found open as both the church
doors,
And some she'd found stiff as the steeple.

For while all the deacons had slept on the wall,
A committee had come like a lion;
And by giving a husband a generous call,
Had shaken the bulwarks of Zion.

For years they had paid him who taught them
the way,
About six hundred dollars or seven;
For they felt that a preacher should "trust in
the Lord,"
And grow fat on the "manna from heaven."

And so the cash question had come to annoy;
Which with so many ministers rankles;
For the Lord had sent children; three girls
and a boy,
And they hollow down to his ankles.

Sister Hlodgett, the wife of "a pillar," had
cried
(They supported a carriage and horses);
"Beware! lest you sin against God," she had
sighed;
"A rolling stone gathers no mosses."

The teacher looked up from the book which
he read
And his merry eyes twinkled with laughter.
"Why didn't you tell Sister Hlodgett," he said,
"That moss isn't what we are after!"

—New York Independent.

The Strength of the British Army.

The latest returns of the British regular
army at home and abroad show that at the
close of the year the strength has slightly
increased in comparison with what it was
at the end of 1890. The increase amounts
to about 600 men, there being now a little
over 211,000 on the rolls, to compare with
211,000 a year ago. The full establishment
would be 216,000, the same as it was
twelve months since, and the present total
is larger by the 11,000 than that of six
years ago. The cavalry are reckoned at
19,200; the artillery at 35,700; the
engineers at 7,400; the foot guards and
line infantry at 139,000; the army service
corps at 3,500; the medical staff corps at
2,400; the remainder of the enrolled
regular troops being made up of small
departmental corps, and special corps
raised locally in the Crown colonies.
Beyond these there is the great
Indian native army and the Colonial
Militia and Volunteers; and these, with the
home Militia and Volunteers, make up a
grand total whose numbers have never been
fully ascertained. All the regular troops are
now principally confined to the home
country, India, and the great garrisons in
the Mediterranean and the Crown Colonies;
Canada and Australia having no Imperial
forces beyond the 1,600 in Nova Scotia,
while in South Africa there are little more
than 3,000 men. At home there are in
England and Wales, 73,000 men; in
Ireland, 26,500 and in Scotland, 4,000; in
India, 23,000; at Gibraltar, 5,000; in
Malta, 8,000; in Egypt, 3,400; Ceylon,
1,400; Hong Kong, 1,600; the Straits
Settlements, 1,400; the West Indies, 3,000
and Bermuda, 1,300—a considerable reduction
from last year, caused by the return
home of the exiled Grenadier Battalion.
Elsewhere the establishments of British
troops are very small.

Oldest Incorporated City.

The Hand Book of Canadian Dates shows St.
John to be the oldest incorporated city in Can-
ada, the dates of incorporation being as fol-
lows:

St. John	May 18	1785
Toronto	March 6	1824
Quebec	June 25	1840
Montreal	June 25	1840
Halifax	April 10	1841
Kingston	May 18	1846
Hamilton	June 9	1846
Fredericton	March 30	1848
London	January 1	1855
Ottawa	January 1	1855
Charlottetown	April 15th	1855
Victoria	August 2nd	1862
Winnipeg	November 8	1873

Life's Summary.

Some modern philosopher has given in
these 11 lines the summary of life.

7 years in childhood's sport and play	7
7 years in school from day to day	14
7 years at trade or college life	21
7 years to find a place and wife	28
7 years to building upward givon	35
7 years to business hardy driven	42
7 years for some wild goose chase	49
7 years for wealth and bootless race	56
7 years for honouring for your heir	63
7 years in weakness, pain and care	70

Then die and go—you should know where.

"I am wedded to art," said Parley
"Well," said Criticus, gazing at Parley's
picture, "I'd get a divorce if I were you.
She has deserted you."

Frank Blake, an Arizona man, stole 500
sheep in broad daylight near Los Lunas,
Cal., and drove them into a canyon, which
he held with a Winchester rifle against ten
herdsmen. They finally drew off and he es-
caped with the sheep.

OUR DRUMMER BOYS.

They are Great Lovers of Secret Socie-
ties.

One thing I like about these knights of
the road is that they are great fellows for
secret societies. Most all the drummers
belong to everything that is going, from the
Grand Knights of the Diamond Gar-
ter down to the Sons of Intemperance. I
am quite a hand for such mysterious things
myself, so I got solid with all the boys.
My old friend Cy, Clark called on me the
other day to see if I needed any coal
and to have a visit. We had a jolly time.
While we were sittin' in the office a chap
came in and wanted to borrow \$2 on ac-
count of a remittance not coming to him
as he expected. I told him my \$2 I kept
to lend was in now, being sent in the day
before by Johnny McIntire, but I never
lent it except to drummers. He said,
"that's me." I gave him the grand hail-
ing sign of an Odd Fellow, which he tum-
bled to. Then I gave him the great "hair
in the scot" grip of a Pythonic. He tum-
bled. Then Cy, gave him the G. B. of
the Sons of Malta. He was on to it. Then
I gave him the hair poker signal of a Good
Tippler. He smiled and said "H. O." This
is a chemical term meaning "waters." Then
Cy, stuck out his hand and gave him
the noted P. D. Q. sign of a Royal
Aroh Brick Mason. He "got thar" on
that. Then Cyrus examined him as
follows, to make sure he was a drummer

"FROM WHERENCE COMEST THOU, PAID?"
"From the lodge of the Holy St. Johns,
Michigan."
"What seek ye here to do?"
"To seek a few orders and collect a bill
from Billion."

"Then you are a drummer?"
"I am so taken and accepted by all the
boys."

"How may I know you to be a drum-
mer?"
"By my cheek and my 50-pound sample
case. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"
"By the square."
"Why by the square?"
"Because the square is a magistrate and
an emblem of stupidity."

"Where were you first prepared to be a
drummer?"
"In my mind."

"Where next?"
"In a printing office, adjoining a regular
post of drummers."

"How were you prepared?"
"By being divested of my last cent, my
cheek rubbed down with a brick, a bunion
plaster over each eye, and a heavy sample
case in each hand. In this fix I was con-
ducted to the door of the post."

"How did you know it was the door,
being blind?"
"By first stepping in a coal skuttle, and
afterwards bumping my head against the
door knob."

"HOW GAINED YOU ADMISSION?"
"By benefit of my cheek."
"Had you the required cheek?"
"I had not, but Burt Parsons had it for
me."

"How were you received?"
"On the sharp toe of a boot, applied to
my natural trousers."

"What did this teach you?"
"Not to fool around too much."
"What happened next?"
"I was set down on a cake of ice and
asked if I put my trust in mechanical re-
ports."

"Your answer?"
"Not if I know myself, I don't."

"How were you next handled?"
"I was put straddle a goat made out of a
2x4 and trotted nine times around the
room by four worthy brothers, and then
brought in front of the Left Bower for fur-
ther instructions."

"How did he instruct you?"
"To approach a customer in three up-
right regular steps, with my business card
extended at right angle, my arms forming a
perfect square."

"How were you then disposed of?"
"I was again seated on a cake of ice in
front of a dry goods box, and made to take
the following horrible and binding oath:
"I, Charles S. Robbins, do hereby and
herein most everlastingly and diabolically
swear by

THE GREAT BOB-TAIL FLUSH

that I will never reveal and always steal all
the trade secrets I can for the use and
benefit of this most august order. And I
further swear by the Bald-headed Jack of
Clubs that I will never give, carve, make,
hold, take or cut prices below the regular
rates. And I further swear, by the piper
that played before Moses, to never have
any commercial dealings with any man or
his wife, sister, grandmother, old maid,
aunt or uncle, unless they, he, she or it, is
sound on the goose. Binding myself under
no less a penalty than to have my gripack
split from top to bottom, my dirty shirts
and socks taken out, and my reputation
removed and buried in the river at the Cen-
tral Viaduct, where the Salvation Army
ebbs and flows every two and one-half
hours. So help me Bob Ingersoll, and keep
me in backbone.

"I was then asked what I most needed."
"What was your reply?"
"Money."

"What did you then behold?"
"A copy of Dunn & Co's. reports open at
chapter Muskegon. Upon the open book
rested a pair of drug scales, in one pan of
which reposed ten pounds of concentrated
lye, and in the other a small silver jack-
ass."

"WHAT DID THIS EMBLEM SIGNIFY?"
"The scales indicated the balance be-
tween debtor and creditor. The other em-
blems represented the liabilities and as-
sets of bankrupts."

"Did this teach you any lesson?"
"You bet! It taught me the fact that the
former are so almighty much better than the
latter."

"Shake, brother! . . . Will you be
off or from?"
"Both, if I can borrow money enough to
go out of town."

"Have you any cigars?"
"I have."
"Give them to me."
"I did not receive them, neither will I so
impair them."

"How will you dispose of them?"
"On sixty days' time or 2 per cent. cash,
F. O. B."

"All right, begin."
"No, begin you."
"No, you begin."

"Up." "Em." "Set."

"Set 'em up." The words and signs are
right. Brother Shooks, he is a yard wide
and all wool, and you can bet on him."
Brother Clark and I each lent the chap
\$5, and he left with many thanks and kind
wishes.

Now you can see by this what a help it is
to a fellow when he gets dard broke among
strangers to have these little things to fall
back upon.—*Cleveland Sun and Voice.*

He Had a Great Grip.

The perils of courtship have had strange
illustration in Washington, Pa., where a
physician was summoned at half-past 11
o'clock the other night to attend a young
farmer who had somehow ruptured an ar-
tery in his left arm while keeping com-
pany with his betrothed. Had such an ac-
cident occurred while sleighing it might
have been comprehensible, since the left
arm on such occasions is frequently called
upon to assume more or less risk in order to
shield the buoyant fellow-rider from the
peril of being tilted out of the vehicle. As
the young lady in the case in question was
sitting quietly in her own home the neces-
sity of holding her down with such tenacity,
however volatile her nature may have been,
is not at all discernable. A gratifying
feature of the puzzling disaster is the fact
that the young lady entirely escaped any
casualty, the dispatches mentioning with
particularity that her ribs were found
entirely intact.

What is a Well-Bred Woman?

A well-bred woman never dresses so that
she attracts attention on the street.

A well-bred woman never talks about her
personal affairs in public places.

A well-bred woman doesn't let a door
slam in the face of the next corner.

A well-bred woman doesn't drop first her
purse, and then her handkerchief, and then
her gloves, and then her flower in a public
restaurant until everybody is looking at her.

A well-bred woman doesn't read her
morning mail in the street cars.

A well-bred woman doesn't tell the name
of any celebrity she may have met when
she is travelling.

A well-bred woman is quiet and refined;
a man is proud to be seen with her, and he
can pick her out from among a thousand,
which is very much more than the average
woman can do.—*Bab in New York Press.*

Shaved While Asleep.

In India it is quite common to shave a
man while he is asleep, and if he happens to
be lying on his back he can have his beard
entirely removed without being disturbed.
The native barber has a wonderfully light
hand and is an adept at shaving without
causing a fraction of pain. Europeans and
Americans travelling in India soon fall into
the indolent habits which prevail, one of
which is to be shaved in bed before rising
and bathing. It is not considered reason-
able to visit a barber shop, the moneyed
classes being almost always shaved at home
and almost as frequently while in bed.

How to Keep Boys on the Farm.

He told his son to milk the cows, feed
the horses, slop the pigs, hunt the eggs,
feed the calves, catch the colts and put him
in the stable, cut plenty of wood, split
kindlings, stir the milk, put fresh water in
the creamery after supper, and to be sure
and study his lessons before he went to bed.
Then he hurried off to the club to take a
leading part in the question, "How to Keep
Boys on the Farm."—*Covington (Ga.) En-
terprise.*

He Would Save Coal.

Mr. Worldlywise—I wonder if these jet
ornaments and passementerie on ladies'
cloaks and wraps are made from coal.

Friend—Why do you ask?
Mr. Worldlywise—Because if they are
made of coal, and coal goes up to what
it was last year, I'll shove my wife's
jewelry and dresses into the stove and save
enough money to pay for my liquor and
cigars.

A Thoughtful Suggestion.

A group of men stood about an individual
who had just been pulled out of the river as
he was going down for the third time.
"Give him some whiskey," said one.
A murmur came from the nearly drowned
man. Some one put his ear down and lis-
tened. He said:

"Roll me over first and get some of this
water out. It'll weaken the liquor."

A Chief of Police.

There is no body of men more liable to
suffer from exposure than the police. But
as an example of how they get rid of their
maladies, the following is cited: Green
Island, N. Y., U. S. A., Feb. 11th, 1889.
"I suffered with neuralgia in the head, but
found instant relief from the application of
St. Jacob's Oil, which cured me."—E. P.
BELLINGER, Chief of Police.

An Ear For Music.

New York Herald: Hicks—I think the
baby has a good ear for music.

Mrs. Hicks—From what do you judge,
dear?

Hicks—Whenever you begin to play, he
howls.

"How did you amuse yourself while
you had the whooping-cough?" asked
Uncle Jack.

"We played Indian," answered Bobby,
and we could give
splendid war-whoops."

On New Year's day the German Emperor
and his staff appeared in the new overcoat
of light gray instead of the old black, an
evidence of respect for smokeless powder.

A Walnut street belle has a crest worked
on the toe of her slippers. Persons without
crests have their monograms.

Some painters in Geneva are painting a
panorama of the Bernese Alps, which will
have a height of 51 feet and a width of 345
feet, to go to Chicago. The whole will cost
\$300,000. It was all sketched from the
summit of the Mannlichen, 6,600 feet high.

Many a man who turned over a new leaf
about three weeks ago failed to paste it
down with the mullage of perseverance.

New York Press: Brown—Hear those
hungry young robbers calling for their father!
Poor bird! he reminds me of Martin Luther.

Jones—And why, pray? "Because he
is summoned before a diet of worms."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Parvenu, bid-
ding good night to her guests after the re-
ception, "that the storm kept all our best
people away."

IF HE WERE A WOMAN

What He Would Always Do To Keep
Peace in the Family.

Right Rules of Living for the Wife as Laid
Down by the Unselfish, Loving Husband
—The Pipe and the Slippers.

If you were to ask ten men what they
would do if they were all women, nine out
of ten would tell you something like the
following. Afterward the tenth man would
sign his name to it. Agreed to by nine
men:

I am a man (fortunately), but if I were a
woman, I would institute the following re-
forms in my feminine career:

1. I would see that my husband's pipe
and slippers were to be found at night ex-
actly where he left them in the morning,
likewise his blacking-brush and receipts.

2. I would never pose as a martyr be-
cause the male members of the family were
occasionally late at dinner.

3. I would never look as though I were
suffering from indigestion simply because
male members of the family stayed out late
at night and then make irrelevant observa-
tions.

4. I would never utter disagreeable re-
marks regarding habits of drinking and
smoking to make sensitive male members
of the family feel uncomfortable.

5. I would never be on unfriendly terms
with my servant, thereby encouraging her
to take French leave. By dint of discretion,
policy and an amiable disposition, a servant
should always be in her place to promote
general comfort.

6. I would never tell people how much I
had to do, and I wouldn't chase around the
house doing the thousand useless things
which a woman does.

7. I would never take more than a usual
amount of pains to hide the button-hook,
the clothes brush or the morning paper.

8. I would add to the culinary depart-
ment various clever inventions I know of,
and not evince such a prejudice about
every way of doing which was not the way
my grandmother did 100 years ago.

9. I would have the house run by such
system that I would never lift my finger,
and no one would be suspicious of when the
work was performed. I would never have
sweeping day or washing day or house-
cleaning time.

10. I would never cook cabbage, ham,
fritters, fish or onions within the sacred
home precincts.

11. I would not allow the cook to burn so
much fuel, and I would keep the kindling
wood under lock and key.

12. I would have the coffee always strong,
clear and aromatic, and I would never buy
meat which consisted chiefly of bone,
muscle, fat or fibre.

13. I would have eggs done to a turn in
exactly three minutes by the clock, and not
have the shells so hot that no man on earth
could open them.

14. I would never take advantage of
the grave-yard hours of the night to go
through my husband's pockets for small
change.

15. I would never ask a clerk to take
down every bolt of cloth in the store in
order to select two yards of cloth for an
apron.

16. I would never allow church societies,
missionary enterprises, literary clubs and
other foolish feminine organizations to
interfere with the domestic diversions of
mending, patching, darning and the
like.

17. I wouldn't hamper the mind of a
busy man with mailing unimportant letters
to feminine correspondents in obscure sec-
tions of the country, and then create un-
necessary family disturbance on find-
ing them a week or so thereafter in his
coat pocket hanging safely in the
closet.

18. I wouldn't be a dog in the manger
and object to a man's going to a theatre be-
cause I had to remain at home myself on my
baby's account.

19. I would wind my watch. I would
get my baby in the habit of sleeping at
night, and I wouldn't look sad and red-
eyed at every change of season when I
couldn't buy a new bonnet.

20. I wouldn't berate a dressmaker whom
I had paid \$40 to ruin a new gown.

21. I wouldn't use my lap for a writing
desk and criss-cross the lines four times on
one sheet so that no one but a woman could
read it.

22. I wouldn't put pins in my belt, nor
pin the buttons to my shoes.

23. I wouldn't give a man a pair of hand-
embroidered velvet slippers four sizes too
large for him and then feel offended when
he would not wear them.

24. I wouldn't give my husband a smok-
ing cap and a \$45 cigar set for a Christmas
present and then make inconsistent remarks
all the next year about the extravagance of
men.

25. I wouldn't buy my husband a Christ-
mas present and then expect him to pay the
bill.

26. I wouldn't quarrel with my lady
friends in the horse car about who should
pay the fare. I would peaceably allow the
other woman to pay.

27. I wouldn't trade off my husband's
last season's clothing for bric-a-brac and
then pretend I didn't know what became
of it.

28. I would not put tidies on the chairs
nor hang a match receiver on the chand-
liser.

29. I would cultivate an amiable disposi-
tion, never have headaches, take a nap
every afternoon, baffle my tongue, and,
above all, never decide to have the last
word.

30. I would, in short, endeavor always to
make the lives of male members of the
family as felicitous and free from care as
possible.

Signed by the tenth man.—*New York
Recorder.*

A Wicked Husband.

New York Herald: Bond—Why do you
call your wife an old hen?

Gallon—Because she always cackles when
she lays for me.

A new lead-headed nail for use on cor-
rugated roofs has appeared in London. The
head flattens under the blow of the hammer
and prevents leaking.

"He must have been a cowboy." "Why?"
"He's got two hip pockets." "That settles
it. The fellow was a prohibitionist."

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—Olive oil baths are beneficial to delicate
children.

—A waffle plate is a new addition to the
tableware.

—A teaspoonful of borax adds stiffness to
cold starch.

—The word "shoe" occurs thirty-one
times in the Bible.

—A solution of peroxide of hydrogen is
the preferred hair bleach.

—Mr. Cunningham has been appointed
Toronto's City Engineer.

—Queen Marguerite of Italy claims to
have the sandals worn by Nero, the tyrant.

—The epicure demands that the dinner
table should be decorated only with ferns,
palm and odorless flowers.

—At a swell dinner a man and wife
should never be seated together. This is
often very agreeable to them both.

She made a lovely little quilt,
A trifle, for the fair,
But when her husband saw the bill
He climbed the golden stair.

—The grip is proving especially deadly in
the case of "the oldest Mason," who is
dying sporadically in great numbers now-
days.

—Russia has been visited by eight na-
tional famines during the present century—
in 1801, 1808, 1811, 1812, 1833, 1840, 1860
and 1891.

—Tiger bones are some of the queer
things in the commerce of China. They
are used as a medicine, being accounted a
kind of tonic.

—A wag at an uptown party, seeing a
dish of quivering jelly before him, asked a
lady beside him, "Have some of the nervous
prostration?"

—Queen Victoria pays at the rate of \$1.92
a mile when she travels by rail, in addition
to first-class fares for all the party, servants
included. She has a saloon carriage that
cost \$30,000.

"I do not like that gown," he said,
"Those sleeves! Why, you'll get lost."
"But, dear," his little wife replied,
"Just think how much it cost."

—Jamison—"What's the matter, old
man? You look as though you had struck
luck. Jenkins—I should say I have. My
landlady has just warned me that I must
pay up before I can leave."

—The "new library hero is the way
they speak of novelist Barrie," who in
"Thru the" has immortalized his native
village of Kirriemuir, Scotland. After see-
ing life and work in London and serving a
hard apprenticeship in journalism, Barrie
went back to the little village of his birth

27 lbs. Sugar - \$1.00
 Superior Flour 2.50
 Salt - 1.45
 Etofts, from : .40



--OIL TAN, BUCK AND MOOSE MOCCASINS,--
 Oil Tan Shoe-Packs.
 --: A LARGE STOCK OF YARN. :-
 Am Paying 30c. Cash for Oats.
 Cash Paid for Rye, Peas & Oats.
 I Pay Cash and Sell For Cash.

23
 Large Cases of
CLOTHING
 Was bought on November the 4th, and received and passed into Stock
 on November 9th by
THE CHEAP MAN,
CARTER,
 At 53 Cents on the DOLLAR,
 And I have the Goods all marked and Stacked on the tables at Prices that
 will make this the Largest and Cheapest Clothing Sale ever heard of before in
LINDSAY.
 I have every Price and description of CLOTHING that mortal Man or Boy
 could wish for. Space will not permit me to enumerate
 very many Prices

LOOK, READ, AND ACT!

	REGULAR PRICE,	NOW
Men's Tweed Suits,	" " \$ 4 50	" " \$ 2 50
Men's Tweed Suits,	" " 10 00	" " 6 00
Men's Tweed Overcoats, (Tweed lined)	" " 6 00	" " 3 95
" Black Fancy Worsted Overcoats,	" " 8 00	" " 5 95
(Flannel lined,)	" " 10 00	" " 6 95
Men's colored Fancy Worsted (Satin lined	" " 1 25	" " 75
and quilted,)	" " 2 00	" " 1 38
Men's all Wool Pants, any size,	" " 1 75	" " 1 25
" " Pants, Fancy Tweed	" " 5 75	" " 3 95
" " Etofts Pants		
" Black Wool Nap Pea Jackets		

- F R E E -
 With every Boy's Suit and Overcoat a very Handsome
 Hand Sleigh Valued at \$1.00.

	Regular Price	
Boy's heavy Serge Suits	1 50	" 75
" fancy Worsted Suits	3 00	" 1 95
" fancy Tweed Suits	3 00	" 1 95
" fancy Overcoats	3 50	" 2 25
" fancy Cape Overcoats	4 50	" 3 00
" Double Breasted Pea Jackets, gilt butt	3 75	" 2 25

Stacks of Men's and Boy's Odd Coats, Vests and
 Pants at your own Prices.
 Men's all Wool Cardigan Jacket, 75
 " " Socks, 12 1/2
 " " Top Shirts collars on, 50
 2,500 Yards of Grey Wool Flannel going at 1 1/2
 2,700 Yards heavy Cotton Shirting, (fast colors) going at 5 1/2
 2,300 Yards fancy Shoks Flannel 1 1/2
 Black Saxony Yarn, (regular price 20 cents for 10
 Fingering Yarns all shades 5
 White wool Bed Blankets, (6lbs.) per pair 2 50
 Beautiful Dress Goods 10
 Double fold Coatings all shades 75
 42 inch Cashmeres 25

Men's and Boy's Underclothing at startling Prices.
FURS, FURS, FURS,
 for every Man, Woman and Child, at Prices that will make you feel happy.
 All I ask is a call.

M. J. CARTER,
 Sign of the Golden Lion.  **LINDSAY**

Many Ladies
 have written that Clark's Catarrh Cure has
 relieved them, restoring perfectly in every
 sense. Through gratitude they have consented
 that their names be published. Yet the
 Clark Chemical Company will not use the
 means to advertise their remedy. They will
 not parade the sufferings of any one, or invade
 the sacred privacy of any home. Any suf-
 ferer from catarrh will recommend Clark's
 Catarrh Cure, and that good word is worth
 more than the published certificate. Clark
 Chemical Company, Toronto, New York.

Hollow Ware

What's all that noise about ?

Why its Pots and Pans, Spiders, Boilers
 and Cookstoves, dropping to such low
 prices that you never heard the like.

What do you think of a

Good Cook Stove for \$14.00.

If you doubt it, call and see for your-
 selves at

M. Morrison,
MINDEN.

William Eastman,
 Blacksmith, Horse-shoer
 ---AND---
GENERAL - - JOBBER

Careful personal attention given to
 Horse-shoeing, everything in Black-
 smithing attended to promptly. Work
 warranted and prices moderate.

Call and give me a trial.
W. EASTMAN,
 Minden

R. G. HAIGHT,
 The Farmer's Friend
 & Licensed Peddler.

We will buy everything you have to
 sell, and sell you most everything
 you want to buy.

Bring Along
 Your Old Iron.
 Your Old Copper.
 Your Old Brass.
 Your Old Rubbers.
 Your Old Rags.
 Your Wool.
 Your Wool Pickings.

For which we will pay a higher price
 than any one in the Village.

In our Peddling Van we will endeavor
 to carry a choice mixture of

DRY GOODS, T, TOBACCOS.
GROCERIES & TINWARE.

R. G. Haight & Co.
 We Buy Bones Also.

ESTRAY.

Came into the premises of the Subscriber,
 Lot 31, Con. 3, Township of Stanhope, a pair
 of Ewes, one grey the other white and marked,
 the owner is requested to prove property
 pay expenses and take them away. Any
 correspondence about them to be addressed to
WILLIAM JONES,
MAPLE LAKE P. O.
 Stanhope, 20th Jan., 1892.

Tailoring!

---YOU CAN---

SAVE MONEY

BY HAVING YOUR

CLOTHES MADE BY

CLARK & SON,
FENELON FALLS.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this suc-
 cessful CONSUMPTION CURE, is without
 a parallel in the history of medicine. All
 druggists are authorized to sell it on a pos-
 itive guarantee, a test that no other cure can
 successfully stand. If you have a Cough,
 Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will
 cure you. If your child has the Croup or
 Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief
 is sure. If you dread that insidious disease
 CONSUMPTION, don't fail to use it, it will
 cure you or cost nothing. Ask your Drugg-
 ist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts.,
 50 cts. and \$1.00.

E. E. W. MCGAFFEY.

A TALK

From Behind the Counter

The time has come for a great matter-
 of fact talk on a matter-of fact sub-
 ject. The idea uppermost in your
 minds is to get something good
 and serviceable at the very lowest
 price. No trouble about deciding
 that you want good goods cheap,
 but a great deal of trouble in de-
 ciding what firm will do the best
 by its customers in this direction.

We Will. That's to the Point Is it Not?

And why not say it when we have the
 Goods to make the prices that will
 back this statement every time.
 Now, in DRESS GOODS we pur-
 pose holding high carnival. As
 many interesting domestic changes
 take place at this season of the
 year, we have decided to facilitate
 these events by offering our large
 stock of Silks, Costume Cloths,
 and Fancy Dress Goods at such
 low prices as to meet the purse of
 all. The big chance and the best
 chance to buy your

Fur Coats, Caps, Collars,

Robes, Muffs, Capes.

Our Stock cannot fail to offer the very
 best facilities to prospective pur-
 chasers.

Ready-Made Clothing.

This department of our stock will be
 found up to the standard of excel-
 lence at all times. We carry a
 large stock, which means a com-
 plete one; a varied stock, which
 signifies a choice for selection of
 every conceivable grade at hard
 times prices. We ask special in-
 spection of our present line of
 these Goods.

GLOVES & HOSIERY.

In the Glove and Hosiery department,
 as in other departments of our es-
 tablishment, close margins rule.
 We want your custom, and we
 want it continuously hence.

Remember us when in search of Ladies'
 Gentlemen's and Children's under-
 wear.

E. E. W
McGAFFEY

Lindsays' Leader of Low Cash Prices

DRY GOODS HOUSE.

No. 65,

Kent Street, Lindsay

MINDEN MILLS.

The subscriber wishes to inform his cus-
 tomers that his

GRIST MILL

has been thoroughly overhauled and a New
 Purifier put in, so that he is now prepared to
 give the fullest satisfaction to all who put-
 rize him, both in quality and yield if they
 bring him good wheat.

CHOPPING.

Any person bringing 1000 pounds of grain
 to be chopped can have it done promptly at
 7 Cents per hundred or for one twelfth toll.

**THE MARKET PRICE WILL BE PAID IN
 CASH FOR WHEAT AND OATS**

Delivered at the Mill.

LUMBER.

Having a large quantity of Lumber now on
 hand he is prepared to sell it cheaper than
 ever. Good Baswood V Joint, Planed Siding
 on hand at lowest rates.

NOTICE.—Persons having Lumber cut
 at the Anson steam Mills, will please
 call and settle for sawing and remove their
 lumber, as it remains there entirely at their
 own risk.

T. STINSON.

Subscribe for the
 Echo; only \$1.00
 per year.

Read This!

THE Subscriber begs to announce
 that he has now opened out in the
 premises occupied by him in
 Minden Village,
 A well assorted stock of new

Dry Goods, 15
 Clothing, 15
 Boots & Shoes, 15
 &c. &c.

All of which are Fresh Goods, which he
 offers at

VERY LOW PRICES.

He has also made
 Large Additions
 to his stock of

Groceries

[that will be found of
 Superior Quality,
 Well Assorted.

---AND AT---

Prices to Suit the Times.
 A call is solicited.

John Dawson.

The undersign-
 ed has the sole
 agency in this lo-
 cality for the sale
 of Hamiltons cel-
 ebrated farm im-
 plements and ma-
 chinery, of Peter-
 boro, comprising:

Mowers

Reapers &

Binders

Horse Rakes

Seeders

Straw Cutters

Root Pulpers

and Slicers

Ploughs

Harrows

Weeders

John Welch.

MINUTECID

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